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IS THERE ROOM IN ANGEL-LAND?

[A short time since the author listened to an interesting discourse by a Methodist preacher, in which he related the following touching incident: A mother who was preparing some flour to bake into bread, left it for a few moments, when little Mary—with childish curiosity to see what it was—took hold of the dish, which fell to the floor, spilling the contents. The mother struck the child a severe blow, saying, with anger, that she was always in the way! Two weeks after, little Mary sickened and died. On her death-bed, while delirious, she asked her mother if there would be no room for her among the angels. "I was always in your way, mother—you had no room for little Mary! And will I be in the angels' way? Will they have no room for me?" The broken hearted mother then felt no sacrifice too great could she have saved her child.]

Is there room among the angels
For the spirit of your child?
Will they take your little Mary
In their loving arms so mild?
Will they ever love me fondly,
As my story books have said?
Will they find a home for Mary—
Mary numbered with the dead?
Tell me truly, darling mother!
Is there room for such as me?
Will I gain the home of spirits,
And the shining angels see?

I have sorely tried you, mother—
Been to you a constant care!
And you will not miss me, mother,
When I dwell among the fair!
For you have no room for Mary—
She was ever in your way,
And she fears the good will shun her!
Will they, darling mother, say?
Tell me—tell me truly, mother,
Ere life's closing hour doth come!
Do you think that they will keep me,
In the shining angels' home?

I was not so wayward, mother!
Not so very—very bad,
But that tender love would nourish,
And make Mary's heart so glad!
Oh! I yearned for pure affection,
In this world of bitter woe!
And I long for bliss immortal,
That land where I must go!
Tell me once again, dear mother,
Ere you take the parting kiss!
Will the angels bid me welcome
To that world of perfect bliss?

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

CHAPTER III.

THE KING OF THE MARKSMEN.

The red, golden beams of the wester sun, glancing athwart the village green, shone upon a stirring scene of lively interest. Around the lawn a breathless concourse of spectators thronged to see the last and decisive shot fired, which was to determine which of the competitors would become the proud possessor of the honorary prize, and the long-prized distinction of the championship of the forest, with the title of "King of the Marksmen."

Old Kit, the innkeeper, stood at the entrance of a large booth, in which all day he had been dispensing viands and inspiring drinks to the thirsty crowd, but which hospitable tabernacle was, in common with the rest of the camp, now deserted by the holiday-makers who were gathered upon the green to witness the end of the contest.

Gretchen hung upon her father's arm, and, with strained eyes and quivering lips, watched the target, which, in Bohemian fashion, consisted of colored rays, studded at intervals with silver stars, all of which, however, had been shot away save the large silver ornament suspended by a piece of blue ribbon to the "bull's-eye."

Caspar stood leaning against a tree watching the scene with lowering brow, a feline gleam glinting red in his dark stern eyes.

In the centre of the lawn stood Wilhelm, pale as death and evidently much agitated. He nervously gripped his long rifle, and kept his glance glued upon the target.

Very slowly, and with a hesitating air that caused a general laugh at his expense, Wilhelm raised his gun to his shoulder and fired.

The branch of a tree, many paces to the left of the target, crashed and dropped to the ground, cut through by Wilhelm's bullet, but the silver star remained untouched.

A storm of groans, hisses, and shouts of mocking laughter proclaimed the defeat of the hitherto invincible marksman.

Crushed with mortification and despair, poor Wilhelm slunk through the fickle crowd, almost unnoticed, for every eye was now attracted by the new favorite, who stepped jauntily forward, cocked his piece, aimed, and boldly fired.

The star of the target fell. Triumphant huzzas rent the air, the music struck up its liveliest strains, the jagers and the lads and lasses of the village en masse surrounded the victor.

"Viva! all hail to the master shot! Killian for ever! Killian is King of the Marksmen!"

"Bless you, my people," returned the new-made monarch, with unctuous solemnity. "By the soul of Bacchus, but our majesty will have a merry reign of it."



AFTER THE SHOOTING MATCH.

Come, my fair lieges, do homage to your gracious sovereign. I claim tribute, sweet girls, from your honeyed lips." Here the mad-cap threw his arms around a group of laughing lasses as one might gather up a handful of roses, and then waving his hat, he shouted, "Three cheers, my loyal subjects, and welcome the reign of the jolliest dog in all the Raubenzwald."

"Long live King Killian!" laughed the crowd.

"But where is Gretchen?" asked one of the jagers.

"She is the belle of the village, and it is her office to decorate the champion with the star and ribbon. Quick, fetch her hither."

"Oh, Killian, would you believe it," cried one of the girls, eagerly, "Gretchen, instead of being rejoiced at your success, has gone home in a fit of sulks, and declares she will never speak to you again!"

"Pshaw! the precious little rebel," returned Killian. "But one flower is as fair as another; Anchen is the lily, if Gretchen is the rose of the village. Surely one of my fair lieges will consent to place the wreath upon the conquering hero's brow."

Anchen blushed and laughed, and then taking the ribbon and star from one of the bystanders, placed it around his neck, whilst another rustic beauty pinned a bouquet upon his breast, and fixed a long white plume on his hat.

Then the jagers took down the target, and having seated himself upon it, Killian, in the midst of enthusiastic cheering, was raised upon the brawny shoulders of four strapping huntsmen.

A grand procession was formed; the band of music led the van, then came a number of the jagers bearing antlers, boars' heads, and other trophies; then followed a bevy of maidens, scattering flowers, after whom the newly-crowned monarch was borne in triumph along; the rear of the cavalcade was made up of the crowd of jagers and peasantry, and so the procession paraded round the green, every voice lustily blending in this triumphal chorus—

"Victoria!
All honor to Killian, our hero, be given,
Whose rifle the star of the target hath given.
For where far or near
Hath our Marksmen his peer?
Victoria! Victoria!"

At a sign from Killian the procession halted where Wilhelm was seated, his arms tightly folded, his hat pulled close down over his eyes, and his head buried in his bosom, a prey to the keenest anguish of shame and vexation.

The jagers and peasants pointed sneeringly at the fallen favorite, while the elated Killian shouted from stentorian lungs the following taunting ribaldry—

"Doff your hat, sir. Come, no joking.
Lost the prize, sir? 'Twas provoking.
If your better win the day,
Should you grumble, ch, ch, ch?"

"Peace, fool!" growled Wilhelm.

But the implacable victor continued shouting in the same taunting strain—

"Look at me, I'm king to-day, sir;
All to me their homage pay, sir."

Doff your bonnet—'tis the law;
Won't you—won't you? Ha, ha, ha!"

As he concluded this piece of doggerel, he struck off Wilhelm's hat by a blow of his rifle-butt.

Stung to madness, Wilhelm leaped to his feet, his teeth clenched and his eyes glaring with fury.

"Braggart and villain! you shall dearly rue this insult!" he exclaimed, and springing upon Killian he dragged him from the huntsmen's shoulders, and rolled him upon the ground.

"Treason, treason!" shouted old Kit, the innkeeper, plunging into the mob, which now surged around the struggling rivals. "Down with the traitor who has dared to assault the King of the Marksmen, and my best customer! Drub him soundly, lads! Souze the spiteful, envious varlet in the duck-pond! Down with him!"

Hunted, thrashed, kicked, Wilhelm was buffeted from one side to the other like a shuttlecock, and the uproar was tremendous.

Caspar sneaked out from his covert, and stood gloating over the riotous scene with malignant delight.

In the midst of the hubbub the clattering of horses' hoofs was heard, and a party of mounted men, headed by a burly, dignified old gentleman, sumptuously dressed in a hunting suit of green velvet, richly trimmed with gold lace, came galloping up, and forced a way into the middle of the crowd.

"Hold! Keep the peace, I say!" shouted the dignitary, in a stern, commanding voice. "What means this unseemly brawl? Back, all of you!"

"Odds bobs, 'tis the head ranger!" shouted old Kit, scrambling out from the throng. The crowd slunk back, awed by the presence of so distinguished a personage, and doffed their hats with profound respect.

"Ha! you are here, Killian," said the chief, sternly. "Then I do not wonder that mischief is forward!"

"Give a dog—Well, this is what I call adding insult to injury!" grumbled Killian, shaking the dust from his doublet, and trying to arrange the broken feather in his crushed hat. "Permit me to assure you, worshipful sir, that I am in no way blameable for what has happened. Master Wilhelm, there, made an attack upon me, and these good people took my part. That's all."

"Wilhelm—impossible!" exclaimed the head ranger, turning towards the luckless jager, who was standing with his head drooping, his clothes torn and covered with dust. "Most honored sir, allow me to explain this unpleasant affair. These gentlemen have been firing for the annual prize and the championship of the forest," said Kit; "Meinher Killian has proved victorious, and we have been paying him the customary honors, while Wilhelm has not scored a single shot to-day, on which account we rallied him with a little good-humored banter—no harm in the world intended, your worship—he lost his temper and furiously assaulted the 'King of the Marksmen,' whom we were bound to defend. And surely he who misses every time must needs expect a little jeering on the occasion."

"Not scored a shot! missed every time! When are you talking about—not Wilhelm,

surely?" asked the ranger, in the utmost astonishment.

"Ask him yourself, Meinher Kuno," said Killian, "he cannot deny."

"Wilhelm, is this true?"

"Too true," murmured Wilhelm, in a low, hunky voice.

"What can be the cause of this sudden failing? Are you not well in health, my good Wilhelm?" asked the head ranger, kindly.

"I know not what it is, sir," returned the huntsman, raising his hand to his throbbing brow; "yet this morning I felt full of hope and confidence. It strangles me to own the truth; as they have told you, sir, not once have I hit the mark this day."

"Perhaps your rifle is not in good order."

"I have tried the best pieces; Hermann, Johann, Heinrich, Bello, and a dozen others of my comrades have lent me their rifles, but I have failed with each."

"Depend upon it, your worship, he is bewitched," interrupted old Kit. "My grand dame, who was a woman of sense and experience, used to tell of the *Freischute*, the jagers who have dealing with the forest demon—"

"Pshaw, nonsense, man; a grand dame's story," returned Kuno, with impatience. "No, no; I know the spell by which you are paralyzed, Wilhelm; 'tis love! 'tis the apprehension of losing your bride that renders you nervous and incapable. Come with me, lad; let us talk matters over coolly. I see you are ill at ease in this rough company, and well you may be. Fie! what a chicken-heart. Come, come with me, and perhaps my admonitions may restore you to your senses, of which you seem bereft. Let us get out of this crowd. I have much to say to you."

Wilhelm bowed respectfully, and with a dejected air walked on by the side of the head ranger's horse, the old man bending low from the saddle and conversing with his favorite huntsman, his attendants following at a distance.

The peasants and foresters watched the cavalcade till it disappeared behind a clump of trees at a turning in the road.

"Poor Wilhelm!" sighed one of the peasant girls, "this has been a day of sad trial for him; if he should fail to-morrow what will become of Bertha; she will break her heart."

"Indeed she will, Anchen," rejoined another of the girls. "For her maid, Lina, told me that the Lady Bertha is deeply attached to the brave young jager, who once saved her life—when riding in the forest her horse was attacked by wolves. No wonder she should love him."

"As our jolly host says, 'Wilhelm must be bewitched—spell-bound,'" said Hermann.

"And we have been so cruel—flouting the poor young fellow in his misfortune and disgrace—I for one am ashamed of myself," rejoined Anchen.

"Why, yes, it was indeed too bad," said another girl, "and he such a nice young man; so kind, so courteous—"

"And so handsome!"

"And such a good shot—ha! ha!"

There was a general start, and all turned at the sound of that deep, bitter laugh.

It was Caspar who had spoken.

He stood leaning upon his rifle, his back turned to the glowing western sky; he loomed out like a figure carved in ebony—so dark was his skin, his raven hair, and his sombre hunting dress.

"If ever the devil walks forth in a human form he is not far from us at this moment," muttered Hermann.

"So handsome!" chuckled Caspar, mimicking the girl's tone. "Ha, ha! Ephe-mera! Insects that flutter and glisten for a passing day! What is beauty? The waxen mask that covers a death's-head—a painted vizard that the heat of youth's summer melts away; the frost of age's winter wrinkles, cracks, and withers. So handsome, ha, ha! Now, had it been Caspar who blundered all day, missed every mark, got rabid with rage at a mere jest, who would have taken his part—who would have commiserated poor Caspar?"

"We all know why you are so spiteful against Wilhelm," said Anchen. "It is because the Lady Bertha accepted him when she rejected you, Caspar. You are jealous of him."

"Jealous, ha, ha! of his skill as a marksman; of his chance of winning the bride to-morrow; of his self-restraint and sweetness of temper; of his fortitude under defeat! Of what should I be jealous? Of his good looks? Wait but a dozen years, and I will then tell you whether or no I think I have reason to grudge him his comeliness; in the meanwhile I cannot envy him any advantage that is so transient. Well, I leave ye to your revelries. Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die! But I am not so handsome. Poor toad, I must creep back to my cranny in the rocks; yet I do not spit my venom upon ye, poor worms of day; rather would I have ye revel through your little hour. No, no, neighbors, I like a pleasant jest, and hope there's no offence in it. Farewell!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE TEMPTER AND THE TEMPTED—THE WONDROUS SHOT—THE MAGIC RAIL.

The sun was fast sinking behind the highest peaks of the Harz Mountains, casting athwart the intervening landscape gigantic shadows from the lofty firs that crowned their frowning steeps.

The Black Forest, stretching away for many a league from the base of that mountain range, lay like its name, black as night, the abode of darkness, mystery, and horror.

A short distance up the eastern face of the stupendous Rieckeburg, and peeping out from the surrounding foliage, were seen the towers and gilded turrets of the castle of Raubenzwald, the abode of Meinher Kuno, the father of the lovely Bertha, and the hereditary Grand Warden, and commander of the King's jagers.

To the left, hidden by a few intervening pines and hoary larches, lay the village of Raubenzwald.

The projecting points, gables, and buttresses of the old castle that had gleamed for some moments like molten gold, as bathed in the rays of the setting sun, were suddenly extinguished, and in an instant lost to sight, as the orb of day sank behind the belt of pines, and left all the nether world in gloom and partial darkness.

"So perish to-morrow the light and hopes of my cursed rival," exclaimed Caspar, as he stepped from the deep shadow of a tree, from whence he had been contemplating the sudden vanishing of the sun, and the instant disappearance of the old castle, lost in the surrounding gloom of wood and mountain.

"Zamie! Fiend! Wild Huntsman! Devil! by whatever name, potent or accursed, you answer, appear and aid me now! The victim approaches, and by the power I yet exercise over you, I command your presence. Appear! Zamie! appear!"

And stamping fiercely on the ground, he raised and shook his clenched right hand defiantly at the darkening sky.

Instantly the gigantic form of the Huntsman, with his fiery eyes, appeared before the trunk of the tree from beneath whose curtain of hanging leaves Caspar had but just emerged.

"Why am I summoned again? Speak, what more seekest thou of Zamie?" demanded the fiend, impatiently.

"Revenge, and all thy powerful aid to compass it."

"Have I not given thee the bat already, and for the other it must be worked to-night in the Wolf's Glen?"

"I grant that you have aided me to-day by marring his aim, paralyzing his strength, and by covering him with the scorn and contempt of his comrades and friends," replied Caspar.

"I have kept my promise. He has not scored a mark to-day, and has he not been made the contempt and scorn of the village? Is not that enough?"

"No, it is not enough, and thou knowest it, fiend."

"What more?"

"Aid me to bring him to the Wolf's Glen."

"By what means?"

"You know my thoughts, why ask the means? You shall obey me! I am yet thy master."

"And I your slave—who exists but to serve you. Ha, ha, ha!"

And Zamie gave a weird, sardonic laugh, that sounded ghastly through the forest, and

made the blood in Caspar's veins run cold with horror.

"And me, Zaniel, I beseech—I implore you!" he cried, in eager supplication.

"The mortal comes. You shall have the aid you seek."

And, as he spoke, the fiend suddenly vanished.

The next moment, with folded arms, and drooping head, Wilhelm slowly advanced from the direction of the village.

"I can bear my fate no longer," he muttered to himself, as he came under the deeper shadow of the trees. "In vain I strive to shake off the power that over rides my spirit, and assume my former confidence. Some influence I cannot fathom, holds me. As it were, in its full grasp, and I feel as if of all good spirits and Heaven itself for sakes. Whence this sudden darkness on my eyes and soul?" he cried, despairingly, as Zaniel appeared at his back, and the sky grew in a moment dark. Some power of evil hangs over me, and whither despair and death. Merciful Heaven!" he ejaculated, with sudden fervor, as he clasped his hands, and raised them imploringly to Heaven.

At that invocation, the demon staggered back with a shudder, and instantly vanished.

At the same moment, the sky became again clear, and with a voice of thankfulness, Wilhelm exclaimed:

"Angels and saints, I bless you! The dark horror has fled, and the blessed light streams back upon my soul. Oh, Bertha! beloved Bertha! would that to-morrow were come and past, and I knew at once my fate. To lose you would be misery insupportable; and if to-morrow's trial should fail."

"But you will not fail," Caspar answered, coming from under the shadow of the tree.

"You here?"

"Nay, I should rather say you here, Wilhelm. Why, man, you look anything but like a gay and thriving wooer. Pshaw! man! smooth that cloudy brow; 'twere an ill compliment to the lovely Bertha, to visit her with such depending looks."

"How know you I am going to visit Bertha?"

"I judge it from a dozen signs; but suffice, I do know it."

"Oh, Caspar, if I should fail in the competition to-morrow."

"But I repeat, you will not fail."

"Ah, that I could feel so assured," and he sighed heavily.

"You'll be assured of nothing while your spirits are so profoundly low. Have a cup of wine, man, to put some soul in you."

"No, Caspar, no."

"But I say yes, Wilhelm, yes. Why man, I am your best physician. See, we are at Melaberg's Kaffee back door, and a stop of Rheinisch is got in a moment."

And darting under the tree in the direction of the hostelry, Caspar disappeared for a few seconds, while the depending lover bent his eyes abstractedly on the ground.

With a dispatch that might have created surprise, had Wilhelm been in a mood to notice it, Caspar returned with a flagon and two horn cups.

"Here, comrade and brother jager, a cup of this will put life in you."

As he spoke, Caspar filled the two huckers, and held one towards Wilhelm.

"Not to-night, Caspar, I have no heart for drinking."

"The very reason, then, you should drink to give you one. Here's a toast you must respond to, 'our excellent warden, your future father-in-law, the good old Kuno! What I don't drink to your bride's father?'"

"I wish him long life and all happiness," replied Wilhelm, waving back the wine.

"Pshaw! Good wishes unseasoned by good wine never reach the ears of the gods. To our head-cup!"

"Well, well, be it so, but only this one cup. To our head-cup!"

And both men emptied their huckers at a draught.

"Ha, ha! This is wine of the right vintage," cried Caspar, smacking his lips, and refilling both measures.

"Now, comrade, having finished the happiness of the estimable Kuno, I'll give you a toast. First you to refusal; for, continuing, crying Wilhelm cheerily.

"Indeed, you think so?"

"Confound it, man, what a devil would give a cup to the honor of his sweet heart? Here's to the health of the lovely Bertha!"

"I must drink to that. The lovely Bertha."

And both together again drained their cups.

"Now, Wilhelm, I look on you as a sensible fellow, and one to whom a man may speak on any subject. Did you ever hear Hermann's story of the seven bullets?"

"The Fabel-Geschichte? Oh, yes, I have heard that tale story."

"There you are wrong, my friend. 'Tis no idle story. There are such bullets, and to be got just in the way the legend says."

"And with such a bullet, a man would be sure to die," exclaimed Wilhelm, eagerly.

"To cut a hair in two; but what would be better far, certain to win the castle and estate of the head warden, and the hand of the beautiful Bertha."

"You torture and deceive me, Caspar. Bertha's name is to me too sacred a theme to be jested with."

"Just, my friend. No man who ever more solemnly swears than I am at this moment, both in what I say and do. And this I'll presently prove to you."

"How?"

"Here, take my rifle, Wilhelm. Now look straight upwards. The sky is quite clear just overhead."

As he spoke, Caspar gave his comrade his long rifle, and pointed to the bright patch in the arch of the heavens.

"There, now, look up. Do you see that eagle—quick!"

"I certainly do see a black speck, an atom hardly visible, like a fly, if so small an insect could be seen a hundred times nearer. Eagle. Abound!"

"Nevertheless, fire!"

"You would make a fool of me, Caspar?"

"By the oath and honor of a jager, I swear I am serious. Fire!"

"Abound! In the growing darkness, the note or speck has soared almost beyond the beam of sight."

"Nevertheless, fire, man! blaze away! IN THE DEVIL'S NAME, FIRE!" cried Caspar, petulantly, as Wilhelm, having pointed the rifle almost vertically, turned away his head.

"Have your way. There, then!" and on the instant the young man fired.

A loud, demonic laugh sounded in his

ears, above his head, and all around, filling the air with the clatter—"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Aye, you may well laugh at my folly, Caspar," exclaimed Wilhelm, as he dropped the butt of the piece heavily on the ground and turned in surprise to see his companion instantly gasping upwards.

"I laugh! It was the death cry of yonder feathered monster. See with what speed it falls, its limbs defined against the sky. 'Tis an eagle, and here it comes falling headlong at your feet."

"Great heaven, what a monster!" ejaculated Wilhelm, springing back in real alarm, as the enormous bird, every plume of which was black as midnight, shone like silver.

"You don't see such an eagle as that once in a century, Wilhelm; look at its fearful beak and enormous claws; see how cleverly you have hit him too, right under the wing, and not a feather damaged. That's a shot to be proud of."

"How on earth did I do it, Caspar? Certainly by no skill of mine."

"You are right there, comrade; you killed that bird by one of those magic bullets of which you have heard."

"Ah, a new life and fresh hope breaks in upon me, Caspar, my friend, you have more of these bullets; give me one for to-morrow, and make me your grateful debtor for ever."

"My dear Wilhelm, I would do so with pleasure were it in my power, but that was the last bullet I possessed—the last of the seven."

"The seventh bullet—seventh—guided by the will of the fiend, if the story be true. Horrible!"

And Wilhelm shuddered, as he thought of the fearful legend.

"His bullets to the aim go true, Beware the seventh, or thou may'st rue."

"I see nothing horrible in the matter. Your will and the fiend's were alike."

"Why did you waste such a ball on this worthless creature? Why not have kept it till to-morrow?"

"Pshaw, man! I expended it for your gratification, that you might test its quality."

"But it was your last."

"What of that? It is full moon to-night, and I intend to cast a fresh stone."

"Where, Caspar, where?"

"In the Wolf's Glen, at midnight."

"Alone?"

"No; I shall have a companion."

"Who?"

"Why, you. You will be with me."

"I—stammered Wilhelm. What should make you think I would take any part in your foolish rite?"

"So, then, I see I have been deceived in you. I thought you were an honorable-minded fellow, Wilhelm, instead of which—"

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this, comrade. You shrink like a scared child from taking your share in casting the bullets."

"Well?"

"But you have no objection to beg one of them when cast?"

And with a contemptuous laugh, Caspar threw his rifle on his shoulder, and turned as if to depart.

"Caspar, forgive me!" cried Wilhelm, hurrying up to the tempter's side, and holding out his hand.

"Forgive you! Of course I will," replied Caspar, wringing the proffered hand with friendly fervor.

"First, because I know you are a much better fellow than your words show, and secondly, because I am sure you live for Bertha is so devoted, that it would compel you to risk anything to secure the victory to-morrow."

"I would. I would!"

"And not let that drunken old, Killion, carry off the bride and the estate?"

"Ten thousand devils!—no!" cried Wilhelm, passionately.

"As I thought, a man after my own heart. Mind, then, it's settled thing. The Wolf's Glen, to-morrow at midnight."

"Farewell! Let it be so. Oh, darling Bertha, for your love, I perish!"

"Stop, my friend, stop!" cried Caspar, restraining. "But this feather in your cap, it will delight your lady love, and show your smug comrade that they are a far better shot than they surmised."

And plucking one of the finest feathers from the eagle's wing, he fixed it in Wilhelm's cap.

"Thanks, many thanks!" replied Wilhelm, turning away. "Farewell!"

"You know the best. You will not fail!" added Caspar.

"No, no, I'll not forget. Farewell! I remember—the Wolf's Glen."

"At midnight."

Caspar stood for a moment resting on his rifle, noting the form of the receding lover till lost in the distance.

When he was completely out of sight, he gave expression to a low, sardonic laugh, exclaiming:

"Food! food! You this rite me in my love for Bertha, and now it is Bertha who is luring you to destruction. Thanks, Zaniel, forthy aid, thanks!" he cried, turning round with open arms.

"By this assistance, I have secured thee another victim. Thanks! Stop," he ejaculated, looking down on the huge bird at his feet; "a prison of this may be useful at our incantation to-night. Poor food! Poor food! Wilhelm, your hour approaches!"

And stooping down, Caspar cut off one of the eagle's wings, and singing some wild witch's ditty, turned into the Harz forest, where he was instantly lost in gloom and darkness, while Wilhelm, full of hope and fear, slowly ascended the mountain to the abode of his beloved.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

After a political meeting in one of our suburban towns the speakers adjourned to the house of a leading citizen, who among other refreshments brought out a choice bottle of brandy. The doctor refused to drink any, but taking up the bottle, held it to his nose.

"I've got you now," said the judge, "for I shall report that the last time I saw you, you smelt of brandy."

THE WHEELER FAMILY.—A New York tradesman having three customers, father and two sons, by the name of Wheeler, and fearing a confusion of accounts from their different orders, solved his difficulty by styling the stern parent "Stern Wheeler," the eldest son "Side Wheeler," and the youngest, rather a fast youth, "Propeller."

Why is the sofa that your father is sitting on like most railway stock? Because it is below par.

It has been said that a Frenchman is born for three things:—To dress, dance, and drown himself.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCT. 31, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND. In order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) \$2.50; Two copies \$4.00; Four copies \$6.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) \$12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, \$4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

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NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

Back Numbers.

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

We still have a good supply of back numbers of THE POST on hand, containing the early portions of "THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH," and "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON."

We printed a large extra edition, in order that all new subscribers might be accommodated with these splendid stories.

A SENSIBLE CONVENTION.

We see it stated that on the 17th of this month, the women of Germany were to hold a Conference at Stuttgart, for the purpose of discussing the points of the following programme:—

1. To find out the best ways and means to teach young mothers how best to regulate the physical education of their children.

2. The establishment of small museums of literature, art, and industry. These museums would not merely contain the best works of literature and art especially adapted for women, but they would principally be a kind of schools or academies. Places for meetings, lectures, and the like, in which topics, such as the education of children and matters of domestic interest, should be treated by competent women and men, if those can be prevailed upon to assist in the movement. There would also be Sunday schools for women and girls of all classes, savings banks, supply associations, offices for those that wanted places, &c.

3. The commencement of a reform in dress, chiefly directed against the vanities of fashion, and the best ways and means to carry out this reform earnestly. As a basis for this reform the following points have been accepted:

a. That nothing be declared "out of fashion" which has once found itself useful, and appropriate, and becoming.

b. That nothing new be adopted, unless it has proved itself to be both to the purpose, and answer the demands of good taste.

c. That all garments and objects of toilet that are injurious to health be got away.

d. To inquire whether a large saving might not be effected in things of dress, so that the expenses might be made more appropriate to the income.

e. The transformation of benevolent French institutions into "self-supporting and earning French institutions."

Such a solid, sensible movement as the above in this age of windy folly—such a discussion of heaven-sent duties, instead of useless and unprofitable so-called rights—deserves to be both encouraged and imitated.

If a similar Conference were held in this country, there is one subject of the greatest importance, which should almost take precedence of all others. We mean the subject of Cookery.

This is a matter which especially appertains to the province of women—their position in the world as wives, mothers, and managers of the household. And it is of the greatest importance. We are simply saying what we believe, when we say that at least one-half, and it may be three-fourths of the sickness and intemperance in the United States, is the direct or indirect result of the almost universal bad cooking.

We are ourselves a drinker of water—solid, refreshing anything stronger, with the exception of a cup of two of coffee in the morning. But if we go to an eating-house for dinner three days in succession, we begin to feel a necessity for a glass of ale, or a little whiskey, to enable the stomach to manage the eating-house food.

Bad bread, bad butter, greasy meats, hot cakes yellow with saleratus, peas that would trouble the stomach of an ostrich, may be met with as a general thing in all portions of the country. And from them—combined with the severity of vegetables and fruits—come headaches, bilious fevers, and typhoid fevers without number.

You may multiply doctors, medicines, and temperance societies, but until the cookery of the land is greatly improved, and a larger proportion of vegetables and fruits is eaten, disease and intemperance cannot be overcome.

And then, so great is the tendency to extremes in a certain portion of our people, that those who see this—hundreds of them—rush to the opposite folly. They banish meats, and often fish, eggs, and milk, from their tables; they denounce the use of salt, and of tea and coffee;—you ask them for bread, and they give you a stone;—they set themselves against all the natural variety of tastes, a regard to which they call pandering to the sensual appetites;—and thus by disgusting the people with their arbitrary rules, fling them back upon their old diet, and do harm instead of good.

What we want is an intelligent consideration of proper modes of cooking, by women who are well informed upon the subject, and

upon the nature of the physiological laws, and yet who have no crazy idea, nor favorite one, to injure the sane and harmonious balance of the mind.

We are not certain, however, that any good would result from a public conference on the subject, so far as this country is concerned. Such conferences are apt to fall into the hands of a set of "reformatory" ladies, whose tongues are (singular to say) a good deal longer than their heads. Women who from the very shallowness of their ideas, are conceited and talkative and positive—and each of whom has her favorite Brandreth's pill to recommend, the only thing necessary being that society should take it and be saved. Of all things in this wonderful and mysterious universe which are insufferable, perhaps the cackling of these shallow and silly male and female apostles of the newness, is the most so. It is worse than the cackling of thorns under a pot!—being from its very nature unanswerable, except perhaps by a bucket-full of cold water, until it has burned itself into ashes.

No, it is to the pen, rather than to the tongue, that we should appeal. Let the truly noble and intelligent women of our land, write to their sisters respecting the wise performance of their duties—respecting the physical and moral education of their children, the avoidance of ridiculous, foolish and extravagant fashions in dress, especially the proper mode of preparing food for the table, with the insuring of a sufficient variety without an increase of expense. Books treating upon these important subjects—and we are pleased to see a few already published—if wisely and judiciously written, by competent and experienced ladies, could hardly fail to do great good.

So long as women continue to be women, these matters will be those that immediately concern the great majority of them, and for the wise and prudent management of which Providence will hold them responsible. It will be no excuse for neglecting their undoubted duties, that they have been engaged in what may be appropriately termed a wild-goose chase after doubtful rights.

It is certainly the part of wise women not to seek to enlarge the circle of their responsibilities, while the duties already pressing upon them are almost greater than they have the time and energy to perform.

DEATH OF MR. SOUTHER.—Caspar Souther, Jr., one of the proprietors and editors of the *Evening Bulletin*, died last week in this city, after an illness of four weeks.

Mr. Souther was forty-nine years of age, and a gentleman of ability in his profession, and great kindness of heart. The PRESS CLUB, of which he had been President, and was Treasurer, at a meeting attended by the prominent members of the press, passed fitting resolutions in testimonial of his many noble qualities.

And so, one after another, we pass away,—and the places that now know us, know us no more forever.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

COLTON'S JOURNAL OF GEOGRAPHY AND COLLATERAL SCIENCE: A Record of Discovery, Exploration, and Survey, issued quarterly from Colton's Geographical Establishment, 172 William street, New York. This is an interesting and instructive publication.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for November. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

A PRACTICAL INTRODUCTION TO LATIN COMPOSITION. For Schools and Colleges. By ALBERT HARNESSE, Ph. D., Professor in Brown University. Author of "A Latin Grammar," "An Introductory Latin Book," &c., &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Piche, Philadelphia.

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK, A Romance. By SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Piche, Philadelphia.

CHANCELLER: A Thanksgiving Story of the Peabody Family. By CORNELIUS MATTHEWS. With Illustrations by Darley. Published by The American News Company, New York.

HANDEL'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, for November. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY. Devoted to the Development of the Country. October, 1868. Published by A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, for November. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE WHITE SCALPER. A Story of the Texas War. By GUSTAVE AIMARD. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE SCHOOLDAY VISITOR. An Illustrated Magazine for Young People. For November. Published by Doughty & Becker, Philadelphia.

THE LITTLE CORPORA. November, 1868. Published by Alfred L. Sewell, Chicago, Ill.

IMPURE BLOOD OFTEN THE CAUSE OF BAD CONDUCT.—Little children whom it is difficult to govern; girls whose conduct is eccentric; boys whose dispositions and tempers are ugly; young women who seem to have little or no care for their reputation, or whose whole lives seem to be concentrated in efforts at personal display; young men who are irritable, wild, dissipated, and destitute of self-respect—in the great majority of instances will be found to have their moral perturbations and obliquities developed by poisonous conditions of the blood. The blood is the life. If that is poisoned, so is the life; if that is depraved, so is the life. The soul of man, so far as its exhibitions or manifestations are dependent on his bodily organization, cannot show normal expression while his blood is abnormally constituted. Foul blood makes foul impressions; foul impressions make foul actions; foul actions make foul character. So the thing goes. God has made the bodies of human beings so that when these become depraved, the character shall take on corresponding manifestations.—*Lives of Life.*

THE Western Musical World says that Amen should always be pronounced *amen*, in singing. By the *amen* of a composer of music we understand this word set to music, to enable the choir to respond to the prayer or blessing chanted by the priest before the altar. In *amen* the vowel sound of a should be the same as in far, farm, &c. It is the purest sound of a, as well in reading as in singing.

The window-glass alone in one of the principal Broadway dry goods palaces cost \$60,000.

A Devonshire Jury.

We have heard something lately of the way in which juries wrangle about their verdict. Listen to a Devonshire story there-
about. A doctor in B— had caused the death of an old woman in that town, through giving her wrong drugs. The facts of the case were notorious. However, when the trial came on, to the surprise of every one, he was acquitted. The jury were much

laughed at for acquitting so notorious a culprit, and had actually to change their market-town from B— to another. Before quitting, one of them, to prove the regular and straightforward way in which they had acted, made a clean breast of it, and spoke thus: "I must tell 'ee furst, as was taked and shut up in a dark rum, w/out vire and cannie, no wittles, and no drink, like so many dawgs—tell about Christian juriesmen! 'Us had nothin' else to do, so us sinmed us might all so well get to wurk about the business so sune as possible. So I was what they calls Vorman—'ee's the chap who has to tell the 'others what they'm to say, and to settle disputes, and keep things comfortable like; so I says, 'Gentlemen, us must just get thro' thick 'ere business, so sune as possible, and git to supper 'ome long. Do's know what for, us be come together?"

"Why, 'tis something about thick doctor, isn't it?" "Yes fy! 'tis a question whether us shall take and hang 'un or no; and us 'ad better get by most votes on the subject; so if so be you'll sit still I'll ax'e ye all round."

So I axes No. 1: "What do you say, Mr. —, Guilty or Not guilty?" "Well, sir, you might ha' known before axin of me, that I don't care a d— either way, for it can't make no difference to me—hangin' he don't hurt me."

"Very true, sir, says I; so I registers 'ee as Not guilty. 'What do you say, sir?" "Well, sir, I says 'tis a case of teu [two] lives agin one. 'You know Doctor — was our parish doctor, and it was only last Tuesday week he was on his rounds, and he comes and saves my teu [two] little children as was taked mortal bad with small-pox, and now you axes me to hang 'un. Why, 'ee's only killed a auld weeman who must ha' died shortly in the course of nature, and saved my teu children agin 'ee; so I axes Not guilty, sir."

"Very well, sir," says I, and I axes No. 2, and he says, "I say the auld we

THE LILAC.

BY W. W. STORY

The lilac bush is in blossom,
It hath the balmy smell
Of that dear delicious summer
Of love's first miracle;
I feel as I breathe its fragrance,
The old enchanting pain,
The sweet insatiable longing,
Thrill through my heart and brain.

O youth, youth, youth!—where are you?
I call, but you come no more;
I weep, but afar you mock me,
And you laugh when I implore:
Yet you hide within the lilac;
With an odor you shoot me through,
And a whiff of the odor you fling me
That is better than all the new.

How proudly we struggled to leave you
When you implored us to stay!
How bitterly grieve to regain you,
When once you have fled away!
Too late, too late, we love you,
And long for your laugh of surprise,
And we wish truly to see you
With manhood's tears in our eyes.

You flung your arms around me
And pelted me with flowers;
You clung to me as we wandered
Among those lilac bowers;
You kissed me, half laughing, half crying,
Beseeching me to remain;
But impatient I shook you from me—
And you never will come again.

Your lilacs are ever blooming
In happy gardens of play,
But they love you not who have you,
And faint they would flee away,
They long for the fields of freedom,
Where the fruit of ambition grows,
And for manhood's heights that are lifted
Against a sky of rose.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT.

AUTHOR OF "HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY," "THE DEAD MAN'S RULE," &c.

Madame St. George at dinner, he gazed at her reflectively, but with eyes which were only cognizant of the fact that she was Lady Chaledon and a very beautiful woman. Sir Francis, who did not seem particularly pleased to renew his acquaintance with Mr. Althorpe, sat by his lady's side, and frowned off St. George's eyes whenever they turned toward her. That the baronet should be jealous of his young wife, was not surprising to St. George, and as he was not easily alarmed, even when two eyes shone like daggers above a fierce moustache, he contemplated my lady's lovely face at his pleasure, without appearing rude to the object of his gaze, whose lashes were lowered persistently over her plate, although she ate very little, and that daintily. The gentleman who was seated on her other side spoke to her, and turning her face to him she gave St. George her profile. He started and spilled over a glass of wine. She spoke in reply to the remark addressed to her, and St. George grew red and pale in an instant. She met his eyes, and saw recognition in them. With a mighty effort she controlled herself so far as to look steadily at him with the glance of one who sees a stranger. Then she turned to Sir Francis and said a few words to him, smiling as she spoke. St. George's suspicion died in an instant, and she, turning again, saw its last struggle.

"It is impossible," he said to himself, "a slight resemblance in a profile often occurs, and she never could have looked at me in that way after having written that letter."

The poor martyr opposite him, beautiful in her torture as was Joan of Arc at the stake to which she was condemned by military bigotry and priestly tools, saw him turn to Lady Chaledon, and seem to forget white paper into her Spanish eyes, the vision which had tormented him in the face of Lady Chaledon. But he only seemed to forget, for, during the evening he lingered near her, and though seldom speaking with her, listened attentively to all she said, and continued to observe her with serious eyes. That the resemblance which he traced to his lost love should attract him to herself was very sweet to poor Gerald, for it proved to her that she was not forgotten, and she looked upon him as the dead, if cognizant of night on earth, must look on those who with loving hands plant flowers on their beloved graves. Each was dead to the other—but there would be a Resurrection.

Gerald was very glad of the confusion and want of opportunity for continued thought attendant upon the various rehearsals and preparations of costumes for the opera, drama and tableaux arranged for the holidays. She never allowed herself to be alone an instant, and in studying and singing her parts, in looking over jewels and lace, and trying their effect with the different dresses which her roles required, she banished that miserable tendency to dwell upon harassing subjects which is the lot of those who being unhappy are also unemployed—and dreaded the time when the cessation of excitement should give space for thought.

It was Christmas tide, and the holly, with its dark, shining leaves, and scarlet, wax-like berries, was twined in wreaths for the long mirrors and old paintings, whose rich tints seemed richer and deeper by the contrast, and hung in garlands on the antique panelings, and from the high arch which connected the two long drawing-rooms. The great fireplace was rudely with generous flame, and its ruby glow showed to Lady Chaledon the pale, greenish berries of the mystic mistletoe which hung from the gilded base of the chandelier. She had left the others to finish the home to be by herself for a little while on the eve of the birthday of our Lord before going to the evening service. But alas for poor humanity! the pious and tender thoughts that had been her guests during the walk home gave place to earthly ones as she caught sight of the mistletoe, and recalled the first time that she had been kissed under its mysterious branches. It was when she was almost a child, and the recollection of the well-lighted parlors and joyous faces of her young companions, mingled strangely as she mused with thoughts of the old Druids, their groves of giant oaks, and the mighty arch of

Stonehenge. As she was standing thus, thinking and looking upward, in the glow of the red firelight, some one came in from the hall and paused at her side. She started when she saw that it was St. George.

"I did not mean to startle you," said he. "I was thinking of the Druids," said she. "What grand old heathen they were, notwithstanding the stain of certain cruel rites of which those great sacrificial stones were the altars."

"You looked as inspired as Norma, and in spite of a slight feeling of awe at the sight of your evident exaltation above all mundane influences, I thought of other rites more peaceful, and equally interesting."

"Oh! the occultations! What a profanation of the mysterious influences of the sacred plant!"

"May I always be profane then?"

"Amen," said my lady lightly; and in an instant St. George had kissed her.

She blushed such a burning red over cheek, forehead, and even her slender throat, that he thought her angry, and hastened to apologize.

"Forgive me—but it is customary at this season when one is standing under the mistletoe."

"I did not know that I stood under it," said she. She was thrilling all over from the simple contact of a pair of lips.

"You should not say 'amen' to the prayers of the wicked," said he.

But she turned away, and went up stairs to hide her sweet shame.

Ernestine, crouched in the capacious depths of a great arm chair, which was hidden in the shadows of the farther drawing-room, had witnessed this pretty scene with jealous eyes and a stifling sensation of anger; not that she cared for St. George, but she was greedy of admiration, and could obtain none in the presence of her beautiful step-mother; neither could she forget that once she had thought St. George her own, and had more than half suspected that Gerald had interfered with her claims. She arose, shook out her rustling skirts, and went forward to where St. George was standing before the grate looking into it with absent eyes. Even in the red light of the fire she could see that he blushed slightly as he became aware of her presence, and glanced uneasily down the shadowy vista that she had quitted.

"I was the only one there," she said, as if in reply to his thoughts.

"Where?" said St. George, quietly, though he felt the insulting intimation her remark conveyed.

"Oh! the place from which I witnessed that pretty scene."

"Kiss you mean," said he, coolly.

Ernestine patted her foot on the floor, and compressed her lips.

"I wonder what Sir Francis would have said, if he had seen it," said she.

"I think he would have said, 'The devil!'" said St. George.

"I think it is a very singular proceeding."

"Oh! irascible old gentlemen will swear occasionally, but they don't mean any harm by it," said St. George.

"I don't understand you," said Ernestine, who was so angry that she could think of nothing more to the point.

"I must be very stupid," murmured St. George, languidly.

"It would not be polite for me to agree with you," said Ernestine, who was now standing under the mistletoe, and if St. George had taken advantage of the liberty thus afforded him, her jealousy might have been appeased, but he stood motionless, regarding her with an aggravating half smile.

"Lady England," said he, "all this virtuous indignation about a kiss given under the mistletoe, is simply absurd. It is so universal a custom, that it never causes any remark."

"But when two persons are alone together?"

"If the lady is pretty enough to tempt the gentleman, I can see no objection."

Ernestine grew scarlet. She was under the mistletoe, and he had not offered to kiss her; this implied that he did not think her pretty enough. She tossed her head and walked out of the room. Although she was not one to have many brilliant inspirations, a plan of revenge upon both Gerald and St. George occurred to her while the latter was speaking, and she resolved to hide her time.

We will pass over the anthems and rejoicings of Christmas, the presentation of the little opera which inaugurated the holiday merry makings, and met with unbounded applause, and proceed to the play, in which Ernestine's meditated vengeance was to blossom in full flower, and change the relative positions of the actors on my little stage.

The play was, as has been mentioned, of the time of Louis XIV., and the plot was this:

The Count de Guiche, exiled to his estates by the king's pleasure, amuses himself by falling in love with a pretty peasant on his property, but unfortunately finds his heart as deeply engaged as his vanity, and resolves upon a secret marriage. As the priest is about to pronounce them man and wife, an express arrives from the king, bringing the count's pardon and the royal command to return instantly to the Court. His majesty has a young and beautiful heiress in ward whose hand he designs to bestow upon the young nobleman as a salvo for his exile, which had been the result of careless jealousy.

The count, forgetting the native graces of his rustic beauty, becomes enamored of the polished loveliness of the heiress, and the wedding is celebrated with great pomp. The news is broken to the peasant girl by the priest who had partly married her to the count, and in the midst of the storm of grief which overwhelms her, he informed her that she is no peasant, but the daughter of a powerful nobleman, who has acknowledged her and sent to reclaim her from her low estate. She is taken to the Court, appointed maid of honor to the queen, and when the Count and Countess de Guiche return, they find Mademoiselle d'Este the reigning star.

The count does not recognize her in her magnificent dress and the pride of her bearing, but is haunted by a resemblance to his peasant love, and his fickle heart, forgetting his marriage vows, is laid at the feet of the beautiful maid of honor. She receives his advances with mingled contempt and anger, and informs him that on the morrow she will be the wife of the Marquis de Lange.

The countess, who has discovered not only that her husband no longer loves her, but the direction of his thoughts, confides her grief to her confessor, the same priest who had so nearly solemnized the marriage between the count and the peasant. He makes known to her the former connection between her husband and Mademoiselle d'Este,

and she rushes to the maid of honor, who assures her that the count is unaware of his identity, and that her present dislike of him is as great as was her former love. The countess meditates revenge, and when the Marquis de Lange appears at the Court with his bride, the countess introduces the marchioness to the count by her peasant name.

The title of the play was, "He who will not when he may, cannot when he should."

There was quite a nice little theatre at The Larches, and Lord Fordham had sent to London for new scenery and dresses for himself and sisters, but he found his own elegant costume quite overpowered by St. George's dress as the Count de Guiche. It was of garnet-colored velvet and white satin, embroidered with silver, and had a broad blue ribbon passed across the breast, like a baldric, on which were sewn all Mrs. Elliott's diamonds, which were of superb size and perfect purity. Magnificent old lace formed his collar and frills, and fell over the ribbons that tied his silk stockings at the knees, and his shoes were of white kid with diamond buckles. In the first scene this splendid and courtly figure was seen in the peasant's kitchen with Gerald, who wore a comely short skirt, had her hair braided under a little cap, and her charming little feet in shoes of scarlet leather, with broad silver buckles.

The acting called forth repeated and hearty applause from the aristocratic audience, particularly when the count was about to part from his half-wedded wife, and she clung to him in grief which could find no vent in words until he tore himself from her, when she turned to the old priest, saying, "Father, pray for me that I may be patient."

The Court scene was very effective and quite a blaze of jewels, and Ernestine as the heiress was very striking in amber-colored satin, with a black velvet train, looped back with jewelled agrettes. Then the curtain fell and rose again upon the despair of the poor peasant, whose tears and wild exclamations are hushed by the priest's communication of her real birth, when the pride of the young noble realises all outward expression of sorrow as she says, "I am, then, his equal—no, I am his superior," meaning that no deceit had ever blighted his honor.

When she appeared at the Court as the maid of honor, the dress that she wore had been chosen with reference to St. George's asseveration that he knew her favorite combination of colors to be rose and blue, and consisted of a rose-colored satin petticoat, over which was worn a blue satin train, embroidered with silver, her jewels being opals, which combine the tints of rose and azure, and which were set in diamonds. In this costume, her fair hair arranged in the fashion of the day, in large curls that clustered around the shoulders and fell low over the forehead, she was so exquisite that the admiration which her appearance excited was testified by loud and repeated clappings from the audience, to which she responded by a capital burlesque of the stage obsequies, and the play proceeded, admirably acted, until the very climax, when the Countess de Guiche presents the Marchioness de Lange to the count by the name which she had borne as the peasant girl. The countess says, "Monsieur, I present to you, madame, the Marchioness de Lange, whom you once knew as Jacqueline de La Brise."

Ernestine repeated these words in clear, emphatic tones, and then added in a low voice, "and whom you, Mr. Althorpe, knew as Mrs. Halford, alias the Dragon."

If St. George had doubted for an instant, the white horror of Gerald's face would have convinced him. Incredulity and surprise successively expressed themselves in his face, and then followed miserable certainty, and his first and most natural action was to turn away and cover his face with his hands, that he might not look upon her whom he had doubly lost in finding. This superior acting (2) called forth a tempest of applause, which gave him time to recover his presence of mind and voice to say, as was required by his part, "Madame, I can never forget that once you loved me."

Both he and Gerald bowed mechanically as the curtain fell, and then, as if all her powers deserted her at once, Lady Chaledon slid to the floor, where she lay senseless, her long hair scattered wildly over her trailing robes and lifeless outstretched arms, so white under the mockery of their sparkling gems.

Ernestine, who had not seen that she fainted, ran out in her stage dress and went to her father, who had not left his seat, although the greater part of the audience was now in motion.

"Papa," said Ernestine, leaning one hand on his shoulder and bending over him, "you remember that letter Gerald wrote to you, in which she said that she loved some one else?"

"You know that I do. What of it?"

"Well, papa, I have found out who it is. It is Mr. Althorpe, he kissed her the other night in the drawing room."

The baronet made no reply to this information, and his daughter looked at him impatiently, for she had anticipated an angry explosion, with disastrous consequences to the offenders; but Sir Francis sat quite still, looking straight before him, with a troubled stare, a dull, cloudy red creeping up his smooth, white forehead. Then she stretched out one hand with a wild cry, half shriek, half laughter, as her father fell heavily against her into a kneeling position, his head resting on her shoulder, and half hidden by the long locks of her loosened hair. A physician who was present raised him and fastened his cravat, loosening the collar of his shirt. A few moments' grave examination of pulse and heart resulted in the verdict—Apoplexy.

EPILOGUE.

It might be a Madonna, by Raffel, the beautiful young mother, with one child on her lap and the other clinging to her dress as she stands by her side, in the precise attitude of the child St. John, in the Madonna of the Chair. But the husband's black, curling locks are by no means like those of the middle-aged Joseph, and there is too little of heaven in the dark eyes of the young wife.

"Why does papa call you a dragon? Dragons are ugly."

"I will tell you a story," mamma says. "Once upon a time there was a dragon, an ugly, horrible dragon, all covered with black scales, (papa laughs) and with glaring eyes and sharp teeth which would eat one up in a minute. Well, there came a beautiful angel with glittering armor—'Like the armor in the hall' the boy says, and mamma says 'Yes'—and he had curling hair and blue eyes, just like papa's, and he took his sharp spear and bored the writhing dragon through and through."

"Did he die, mamma?"

"Yes, he died, and out of his ugly scales there rose a very charming young lady, with whom the handsome young St. George was so delighted that he took her straight with him to his own home."

"In heaven, mamma?"

"In a heaven on earth, my darling."

The boy wonders why papa and mamma laugh while there are glittering tears in their eyes, and what papa means when he says, "After all, Gerald, St. George did conquer the dragon."

THE END.

COUNTING BABY'S TOES.

Dear little bare feet,
Dimpled and white,
In your long night-gown
Wrapped for the night,
Come let me count all
Your queer little toes,
Pink as the heart
Of a shell or a rose!

One is a lady
That sits in the sun;
Two is a baby,
And three is a nun;
Four is a lily
With innocent breast;
And five is a birdie
Asleep on her nest.

The Maiden's Peril.

We have heard many remarkable stories of the agility, audacity, and superhuman strength of the orang-outang, but nothing so extraordinary as the following, which a recent traveller says he heard from good authority while in Borneo.

Lieutenant Shoch, of the Dutch East-India army, was on a march with a small detachment of troops and coolies, on the southern coast of Borneo. He had encamped on one occasion, during the noonday heat, on the banks of one of the small tributaries of the Bangarassin. The lieutenant had with him his domestic establishment, which included his daughter—a playful and interesting girl of the age of thirteen.

"One day, while wandering in the jungle, beyond the prescribed limits of the camp, and having, from the oppressive heat, loosened her garments and thrown them off almost to nudity, the beauty of her person excited the notice of an orang-outang, who sprang upon her and carried her off. Her screams rang through the forest to the ears of her domestic protector, and roused every man in the camp. The swift, bare-footed coolies were foremost in pursuit; and now the crying rings in the agonized father's ears that his daughter is devoured by a biastang—again, that an orang-outang, has carried her off. He rushes, half frenzied, with the whole company, to the thicket whence the screams proceeded—and there, among the topmost limbs of an enormous banyan, the father beheld his daughter, naked, bleeding, and struggling in the grasp of a powerful orang-outang, which held her tightly, yet easily, with one arm, while he sprang lightly from limb to limb, as if wholly unencumbered. It was vain to think of shooting the monster, so agile was he. The Dyak coolies, knowing the habits of the orang-outang, and knowing that he will always plunge into the nearest stream when he hears of herding protectors, and roused every man in the camp. They set up a great shout, throwing missiles of all kinds and agitating the underbrush, while some proceeded to ascend the tree. By the redoubled exertions of the whole company the monster was driven toward the water, yet still holding tightly to the poor girl.

At last the monster and his victim were seen on an outstretching limb overhanging the stream; the coolies, who are among the expertest swimmers in the world, immediately lined the banks; the soldiers continued the outcries and throwing of missiles. He clasped his prize more tightly, took a survey of the water and of his upward-gazing enemies, and then leaped into the flood below. He had hardly touched the water ere fifty resolute swimmers plunged in pursuit. As he rose, a dozen human arms are reached out toward him; he is grasped; others lay hold upon the insensible girl; the orang-outang used both arms in self-defence; and, after lacerating the bodies of some of the coolies with his powerful, nervous claws, finally succeeded in diving beyond his pursuers and in escaping down the stream, while bleeding, insensible Lediah was restored to the arms of her father and nurse, in whose hands she was ultimately restored to consciousness, health and strength once more."

Hobby Horses and Parents.

We knew a mother whose fanaticism in the virtues of cold water were such, that she gave her first born a drenching every morning, until it was fairly thrown into convulsions at the very sight of the preparations; finally dying of epilepsy, after years of suffering.

Frederika Bremer says that her father nearly starved his children to death, under the influence of vagaries in reference to keeping down the animal, and elevating the spiritual nature, by means of a spare diet.

Under the influence of the hallucination that the very first indication of stubbornness on the part of the child should be subdued by all means, a man of education, in the year of grace 1866, beat his son, of two years old, to death with a shingle, because the child would not say its prayers.

A parent discovered that a little child of five years of age was afraid to sleep in a room alone; and thinking it a mere notion, put the little innocent to bed, put out the light, locked the door and went away; on visiting the room late at night, the child was found to have died in a fit; the eyes had started from the sockets, as it were, as if the poor little thing had been horror struck.

Another barbarism is compelling children to eat fat meat, or lean meat or any other article of food, for which there is not only no relish, but an unconquerable antipathy. The instincts of a child should be respected, because they are implanted in its very nature for its well being, as in the animal creation; we might as wisely try to make a kitten eat white beans or compel a chicken to drink salt water; never war against the instincts of the child; lead rather than drive; persuade, rather than punish; convince, rather than convict; lose your right arm rather than take advantage of its unresisting helplessness; bear rather than beat, remembering that "of such is the kingdom of Heaven."—*Halt's Journal of Health.*

Health is a mint that constantly sends out its golden coin of opportunities and power.

Dog-Driving.

Dogs take the place of horses in some parts of Siberia, as well as in Greenland, and it requires no slight skill to drive them. In Putnam's Magazine a humorous sketch is given, by a writer who was ambitious to manage a team of dogs, of his first attempt at dog-driving. He says:

I had been studying attentively for several weeks the art or science, whichever it be, of dog-driving, with the laudable ambition of attaining distinction among the natives, in the capacity of a *kiour*.

I had watched every motion of my Korak driver, had learned theoretically the manner of thrusting the spiked stick between the uprights of the runners into the snow to act as a brake, had committed to memory and practiced assiduously the guttural monosyllables which meant in dog language "right" and "left," as well as many others which did not, but which I had heard addressed to dogs; and I "laid the flattering unction to my soul" that I could drive as well as a Korak, if not better.

On this day, therefore, as the road was good and the weather propitious, I decided to put my ideas to the test of practice. I accordingly motioned my Korak driver to take a back seat and deliver up to me the insignia of office. I observed in the expression of his lips, as he handed me the spiked stick, a sort of latent smile of ridicule, which indicated a very low estimate of my dog-driving abilities; but I treated it as knowledge should always treat ignorance, with silent contempt; and seating myself firmly astride the sledge back of the arch, I shouted to the dogs—

"*Noo! Pushed!*"

My voice failed to produce the startling effect which I had anticipated. The leader—a grim, bluff Nestor of a dog—glanced carelessly over his shoulder, and very perceptibly slackened his pace.

This sudden and marked disregard for my authority on the part of the dogs did more than all the sneers of the Koraks to shake my confidence in my own skill. But my resources were not yet exhausted; I hurled monosyllabic, dissyllabic, and polysyllabic at their devoted heads—shouted, "*Ach! te shelo! proclataya takaya! Smatree ya tibi dam!*" but all in vain. The dogs were evidently insensible to rhetorical fireworks of this description, and manifested their indifference by a still slower gait.

As I poured out upon them the last vial of my verbal wrath, Dodd, my companion, who understood the language which I was so recklessly using, drove slowly up, and remarked, carelessly:

"You swear pretty well for a beginner."

Had the ground opened beneath me, I should have been less astonished.

"Swear! I swear! You don't mean to say that I've been swearing?"

"Certainly you *have*, like a pirate."

I dropped my spiked stick in dismay.

"Why, you reckless reprobate," I exclaimed, impressively, "didn't you teach me those words yourself?"

"Certainly I did," was the unabashed reply; "but you didn't ask me what they meant; you asked how to pronounce them correctly, and I told you."

Dodd laughed derisively, and drove on. This little circumstance considerably damped my enthusiasm, and made me very cautious in my use of foreign language.

The dogs, quick to observe any lack of attention on the part of their driver, now took encouragement from my silence, and exhibited a doggy propensity to stop and rest, which they would not have dared to do with an experienced driver.

Determined to vindicate my authority by more forcible measures, I launched my spiked stick like a harpoon at the leader, intending to have it fall so that I could pick it up as the sledge passed. The dog, however, dodged it cleverly, and it rolled away ten feet from the road.

Just at that moment three or four wild reindeer bounded out from behind a little rise of ground three or four hundred yards away, and galloped across the steppe towards a deep precipitous ravine, through which ran a branch of the Mukna River.

The dogs, true to their wolfish instincts, started with fierce, excited howls in pursuit. I made a frantic grasp at my spiked stick as we rushed past, but failed to reach it, and away we went toward the ravine, the sledge half the time on one runner, and rebounding from the hard snow-drifts with a force which suggested speedy dislocation of one's joints.

The Korak, with more discernment than I had given him credit for, had rolled off the sledge several seconds before, and a backward glance showed a miscellaneous bundle of legs and arms still revolving rapidly over the snow in my wake.

I had no time, however, with ruin staring me in the face, to commiserate his misfortune. My energies were all devoted to checking the terrific speed with which we were approaching the ravine. Without the spiked stick I was perfectly helpless, and in a moment we were on the brink.

I shut my eyes, clung tightly to the arch, and took my plunge. About half-way down, the descent became suddenly steeper, and the lead dog swerved to one side, bringing the sledge around like the lash of a whip, overturning it, and shooting me with cataclysmic velocity through the air into a deep, soft drift of snow at the bottom.

I must have fallen at least eighteen feet, for I buried myself entirely, with the exception of my lower extremities, which, projecting above the snow, kicked a faint signal for rescue.

Encumbered with heavy furs, I extricated myself with difficulty; and as I at last emerged, I saw the round, leering face of my late driver grinning at me through the bushes on the edge of the bluff.

"*Ama!*" he hailed.

"Well," replied the snowy figure standing waist-high in the drift.

"*Amerikanski nyett dobra kiour, eh?*" (American no good driver.)

"*Nyett nyett dobra,*" was the melancholy reply, as I waded out.

The sledge, I found, had become entangled in the bushes near me, and the dogs were all howling in chorus, nearly wild with the restraint.

I was so far satisfied with my experiment, that I did not desire to repeat it at present, and made no objections to the Korak's assuming again his old position.

It is a curious fact in the grammar of politics, that when statesmen get into place, they often get oblivious to their antecedents, but are seldom forgetful of their relatives.

Tennyson will print his longest poem yet before the end of the year.

THREE OLD SAYS.

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it;
Let their comfort hide from view
Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to moan,
"Ah! the cheerless weather!"

If the world's a wilderness,
Go, build houses in it!
Will it help your loneliness
On the winds to din it?
Raise a hut, however slight;
Weeds and brambles smother;
And to roof and meal invite
Some forlorn brother.

If the world's a vale of tears,
Smile till rainbows span it.
Breathe the love that life endears,
Clear from clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark Sorrow's stream
Blends with Hope's bright river.

THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XIV.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

We will now resume our story again at the point where we broke off. Don Melchior, after his short appearance in the saloon, hastily proceeded to a retired suite of rooms in the right wing of the hacienda. We will precede him and go in a few minutes before him.

This suite only consisted of two rooms, furnished with that severe luxury which the Spaniards so well understand, and which is appropriate to their grave and melancholy character. The first room, serving as with-drawing-room, was hung with stamped Cordovan leather. Oak chairs, which had grown black with time, and were also covered with leather, were drawn up against the walls. In the centre of the room was a table, over which a green cloth was thrown. A crucifix of yellow ivory, three feet high, before which stood one of those enormous Louis XIII. clocks, whose case could easily have contained a man, and, in a corner, was a species of oratory, surmounted by a white marble statue of the Virgin of Suffering, whose brow was girt with a crown of white roses, while before it burned a silver lamp, shaped like a censer, and suspended from the ceiling by a chain.

In this room, which looked more like an oratory than a drawing-room, and which opened on a bed-room, the furniture of which was extremely plain, two ladies were seated near the window, and conversing in a low voice, at the moment when the exigencies of our narrative compel us to join them. Of these two, one had passed the age of thirty—that critical period for Spanish women; but although her face was pale as marble, and her features were worn with sorrow, it was easy to perceive that she must have been very lovely once. The person who kept her company was a light-haired, graceful, pale, and delicate girl. She was endowed with the ideal and dreamy beauty which renders painters desperate and which German poets have alone been able to describe. In her calm, pensive features were found again the dreamy, restless, and chaste physiognomy of Goethe's Marguerite, and the intoxicating and impassioned smile of Schiller's pale creations.

These two ladies were mother and daughter. Dona Emilia de Saldibar and Dona Diana. Their dress, through its severe simplicity, harmonized perfectly with the expression of sorrow and melancholy spread over their whole persons. They wore long gowns of black velvet, without embroidery or ornaments, fastened round the waist by girdles of the same color. A robe of black lace covered their neck and chest, and could, if necessary, be thrown over their heads, and hide their faces. They were conversing in a low voice, looking out now and then absently into the courtyard, in which were assembled the numerous peons of the hacienderos who had responded to Don Aurelio's summons.

"No," Dona Emilia said, "no, my child, it is better to remain silent, for this information is anything but positive."

"Still, mother," the young lady answered, "the man seemed thoroughly acquainted with the whole story; and it appears to me, on the contrary—"

"You are wrong, Diana," her mother interrupted, with some sternness in her voice. "I know better than you what should be done under the circumstances. Be careful, Nina. You take the affair too much to heart, and let yourself be carried away."

The girl blushed, and bit her lips.

"You know how I love you, my child," Dona Emilia continued directly; "so do not try to thwart what I do, as you are well aware I have but one object, your happiness, so let me act as I think proper."

"My dear mother!" the young lady said affectionately.

"Yes," Dona Emilia replied with a cold smile, "I am your dear mother when I yield to your importunities."

"Oh, do not say that, mother! you know what deep love I have for you."

"Yes I know it, and I know too that I do not alone occupy your heart."

Dona Diana turned her head away to hide the blush that suffused her face at this remark; but her mother did not notice this emotion, and continued, as if speaking to herself, instead of addressing her daughter—

"But why should I complain? Ought it not always to be so? Woman is born to love, as the bird is to fly in the air. Love, my poor, dear child, for love constitutes a woman's entire life, for it enables her to learn joy and sorrow."

Her voice gradually grew weaker, and these words were spoken indistinctly. There was a rather long silence, which the girl did not venture to disturb by an indiscreet question. Respecting the sorrowful reverie into which her mother had fallen, her eyes were fixed more attentively on the courtyard. All at once she started.

"Ah!" she said, at once glad and troubled, "here is Don Melchior."

"What did you say, Nina?" her mother asked, raising her head eagerly. "I think you mentioned the name of Don Melchior."

"Yes, I did, mother," she answered timidly.

"Well, what did you say about him?"

"Nothing, mother, except that I just saw



ENTERING THE GROTTO.

him in the yard, and I think he is coming here."

"He will be welcome, for I am anxiously expecting him. So soon as he comes in, Nina, you will be good enough to retire to your bed-room, and not come back till I call you. I have important matters to discuss with this young man, which it is unnecessary for you to hear."

"You shall be obeyed, mother," the young lady said as she rose. "I hear his footsteps in the corridor, so I will withdraw, for he will be here directly."

"Go, my child; I shall soon recall you."

The girl bent over her mother, whose forehead she kissed, and ran away, light as a bird, at the moment when two raps on the door announced a visitor. Dona Emilia waited till the door of her daughter's bed-room was closed, and then cried, "Come in!" The door swung back slowly on its hinges, and Melchior appeared. So soon as the young man entered the room he doffed his hat, and walked respectfully toward Dona Emilia, who, without leaving her seat by the window, half turned and made him a sign to approach.

"You did me the honor of sending for me, madam," he said, as he stepped three or four yards from Dona Emilia.

"Yes, caballero," she replied. "You know that I have been absent from the hacienda for several days, and only returned a few hours ago; consequently I am ignorant of all that is going on, and thought you could give me the information I desire."

"You know, madam, that I am completely at your service for anything you may please to order."

"I doubt neither your courtesy nor your devotion, Don Melchior, and I think I have given you sufficient proof of that."

"Madam," the young man answered warmly, "your kindness to me has known no bounds. I feel for you the veneration I should have for a mother, for you have acted as such to me."

"I did what my religion commanded for an abandoned orphan. But enough on this head; tell me what there is new at the hacienda."

"When you left the house without warning me, contrary to your habit, madam, to get ready to accompany you, I was at first very sad, for I was afraid that I had displeased you; then, on reflection, and after seeking in my mind what the motive could be that urged you to exile me from your presence, I supposed that I should be more useful to you here than if I followed you."

"Quite right," she answered, with a smile. "Go on; but first sit down here by my side," she added, affectionately.

The young man bowed respectfully, and took the chair pointed out to him.

"I need not tell you, madam," he continued, "what is the motive of this day's meeting, or who the persons present are."

"No, pass over that."

"But among these persons there is one whose presence you are assuredly far from suspecting."

"Who is it?"

"Father Sandoval."

"Father Sandoval!" she exclaimed, with a start. "Impossible! he is a prisoner of the Spaniards."

"It is he, madam."

"That is strange. How is it that I have not been informed of his presence?"

"He arrived at the hacienda with Don Aurelio Gutierrez."

"But I was close to Don Aurelio; he only had with him Yankee or Canadian wood-rangers and two Mexican peons."

"Well, madam, one of those peons was no other than Father Sandoval. The reverend father thought it wise to assume this disguise in order, probably, more easily to escape the Spanish spies."

"Yes, that must have been the reason; prudence commanded him to act so. Go on."

"Father Sandoval has made himself known to all our adherents, and has been unanimously elected their chief."

"In truth, he alone possesses sufficient influence over the haughty hacienderos to command them. And what measures have been adopted?"

"Pardon me, madam, but I must tell you of another person whose presence was neither expected nor desired, and who arrived suddenly."

"The Count de Melgosa, I suppose. I was aware that he was coming. He was doubtless the bearer of some tremendous message. Has he gone again?"

"Not yet, madam; he will not leave the hacienda till sunrise to-morrow, accompanied by Colonel Don Oliver Clay, one of the Canadian adventurers brought by Don Aurelio, whom Father Sandoval has entrusted with his answer to the governor's manifesto."

"Very good, we have time before us; we will set out to-night. You will accompany us, Melchior; so be careful that everything is prepared for midnight, and our departure kept secret."

"You shall be obeyed, madam."

"And the mayor-domo?"

This question was asked in a tone which

showed what importance Dona Emilia attached to it.

"Still impenetrable, madam," he answered; "ever full of zeal and devotion. His conduct does not offer the slightest pretext to suspect him of treachery."

"Strange," she murmured; "still it is evident to me that this man is a traitor, and playing a double part. How can I unmask him? Oh, a proof, a proof, however slight it be. Still it cannot always be so; heaven will not permit it. Patience, patience! I thank you, Don Melchior, for the zeal you have displayed; continue to be faithful. Now you can withdraw."

The young man rose.

"Madam," he ventured, timidly, "will you allow me to ask you a question?"

"Speak."

"I have not had the happiness," he continued, with hesitation, "to see Dona Diana since her return. I trust that the fatigue she must have felt has not made her ill, and that her precious health is still good."

Dona Emilia frowned, and a cloud of dissatisfaction spread over her face; but at once recovering herself, she replied, gently, "Dona Diana is well, Melchior."

"Oh, all the better, madam," he said, with an outburst of passionate joy which he could not repress.

Then, bowing deeply to Dona Emilia, he fell back to leave the room.

"Poor boy!" Dona Emilia murmured, as she looked after him.

At the moment when he reached the door, she called him back.

"I forgot," she said; "be kind enough to tell Father Sandoval that, if his occupations permit, I should like to speak with him for a few moments after oration this evening."

"I will tell him, madam. Have you any further commands for me?"

"No, you can go."

The young man bowed for the last time, and went out. Dona Emilia was hardly alone ere her daughter rushed from her bed-room, and ran up to her.

"Well," she said, "what is the meaning of this, Nina? Why have you come without being called?"

"Oh, mother," she answered, as she threw herself into her arms, "forgive me, but I was suffering too greatly."

Dona Emilia recoiled, and looked her daughter in the face.

"What is the meaning of these words, scold!" she said to her, sternly. "To what are you alluding?"

The girl, ashamed of the confession she had allowed to escape her, buried her head in her hands, and burst into tears.

"Diana, Diana!" her mother said, with ineffable sadness, as she drew her daughter gently to her heart, "you are preparing great suffering both for yourself and me."

"Mother!" she murmured, with a sob. "Silence, Nina!" Dona Emilia quickly interrupted, "do not add a word which might, perhaps, cause irreparable misfortunes. I know nothing, and wish to know nothing. Dry those tears which burn my heart, and take your place again by my side."

"Yes, mother," she answered, in a voice choked by sobs and trying to obey.

"Diana!" Dona Emilia continued presently, in a firm voice, "remember that we have a mission of vengeance to accomplish against the Indians, and that they are the cause of the terrible misfortunes which have overwhelmed us."

These words were uttered in a tone which admitted of no reply. The maiden shuddered and hung her head sadly with no strength to answer. Her mother regarded her for a moment with an expression of pity, love, and grief impossible to describe, and pointed to the statue of the Virgin placed in a corner of the room.

"Pray to her who has drunk to the dregs the bitter cup of sorrow; she will have pity on you and give you the necessary courage to endure the grief which overwhelms you."

The maiden rose slowly; she went to the chapel, and kneeling down piously before the statue, to which she raised her tear-laden eyes, she prayed fervently; then, at a sign from her mother, she withdrew to her bed-room. In the evening, Dona Emilia had a conversation with Father Sandoval, which was carried on far into the night. This conversation, doubtless, very important, but which we will not describe here, left a sweet and consoling impression on the mind of Dona Emilia, for her features grew calmer, and, before retiring to rest, she gave her daughter's pale forehead a kiss full of maternal tenderness, as she murmured in a low voice—

"Hope!"

The girl started in her sleep, and a faint smile played round her rosy lips.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SORTIE.

In all the countries of Spanish America the heat is so stifling during mid-day, that

These were the first words uttered since leaving the hacienda; the horses started at a gallop and disappeared beneath the foliage. We will leave Dona Emilia for a season and return to the Hacienda del Barrio.

The two Canadians, as we have already stated, lay down on the ground, where they at once fell asleep. The Sumach could not have stated how long he had been slumbering, when he felt his shoulder slightly tapped. Adventurers and woodrangers, owing to the mode of life they lead, have an excessively light sleep; the adventurer at once opened his eyes and saw a man leaning over him with a finger laid on his lip as if urging silence on him.

"Quick," this person whispered; "get up and follow me."

"Well," the Canadian said to himself, "I have heard that where there is a mystery there is gold to be gained; it is a fine time to assure one's self of the truth of the statement."

Without displaying the slightest surprise, the Sumach or Oliver, whichever the reader likes to call him, rose from his humble couch, carefully wrapped himself in his sarape to guard against the night dew, and after making certain that his pistols were still in his girdle, and that his knife moved easily in its sheath, he followed his mysterious conductor without any hesitation. The latter, to whom the hacienda appeared familiar, led him through several passages and apartments, each feebly lighted by smoking candles fastened to the wall, into a room of small dimensions, completely devoid of furniture, with the exception of two equipales and a table. This stranger, who was wrapped up in a large cloak that completely concealed his features, opened a dark lantern, took a glance round the room, shut the door, placed the light on the table, sat down, and made the Canadian a sign to imitate him.

"Sit down and let us talk," he said.

The adventurer bowed; then, with the utmost coolness, he laid his pistols on the table within reach, seated himself, and rested his head on his hands, looking cunningly while at the stranger.

"I am quite ready to talk."

"Why do you take this precaution?" the other said, pointing to the pistols.

"Hang it," he said, "for a very simple reason; it is that I may have an argument handy to convince you, should our conversation grow warm."

The stranger began laughing.

"You are prudent," he said.

"Prudence is the mother of safety," the Canadian answered, sententiously.

"I do not blame you," the stranger continued, still laughing. "I am free to confess, indeed, that I am delighted to see you behave thus."

"In that case, all is for the best."

"As for me, look," he said, as he opened his cloak. "I have not so much as a pin about me."

"That is easy to comprehend," said the adventurer, "for you are at home."

"What do you mean?" the stranger asked, in surprise. "What do you know about it?"

"I mean that you are in your own country, while I am a foreigner; that is all."

"Ah, very good; but in order to reassure you completely, and prove to you that I wish to deal above-board with you, look at me," he said, as he took off the broad-brimmed hat which concealed his face.

"Father Sandoval!" the Canadian exclaimed in surprise, recognizing the priest.

"Silence!" the latter said quickly. "Not so loud. Have you forgotten that our interview must be secret?"

The Canadian silently shook his head, and, uncocking his pistols, returned them to his belt.

"Why do you frown so?" the priest asked him, after examining him attentively. "Are you vexed at recognizing me?"

"Oh, no, it is not that," he answered.

"What is it, then?"

"On my word, I confess that I am trying in vain to discover what you, a person I do not know, have so secret and important to say to me."

"Are you sure of that?"

"How, sure of it?" he exclaimed, with surprise.

"Yes," the priest remarked, with a smile. "Hang it," he said, "unless I have seen you in a dream. I am ready to swear that we met to-day for the first time."

"Look at me closely, my friend," he said. "Will you really swear that you never saw me before?"

The Canadian, more and more surprised at this pressing, leant over to the singular speaker, and, taking up the lantern, made a careful inspection of him, which Don Pelegio permitted with the best possible grace. At the expiration of a moment, the adventurer deposited the lantern on the table again, and scratched his head with an embarrassed air.

"It is strange," he said. "I now fancy that you may be in the right. Certain of your features, to which I did not at first pay attention, are familiar to me, though it is perfectly impossible for me to recollect how or when chance brought us together, if, as you insist on assuring me, we have already met."

"I do not say that we were positively acquainted, but we have met, and remained together for two hours."

"Listen to me. I do not doubt your word, for I do not see what motive you could have in trying to make a fool of me. You appear to be too sober-minded a man for such jokes. Explain yourself frankly, for that will be the only way to settle the matter."

"I see that I must do so. I should have liked to avoid it, because I shall now appear to be compelling you to carry out a promise, by asking of you what I wished to obtain solely from your honor and good heart."

"My worthy father, you are becoming most mysterious, and I really do not know how all this will end."

"One word will give you the clue."

"Say it, then, at once, for deuce take me if I am not as curious as an old woman at this moment."

"Have you forgotten the Beaver-pond and the sumach to which the Pawnee Indians fastened you, after smearing you with honey?"

The adventurer smote his forehead violently, and hurriedly rising, seized the priest's hand.

"Viva Dios!" he exclaimed warmly. "Where could my brains be, that I should forget the features of the Christian who so generously saved me from a horrible death? My good father, forgive me; my eyes alone were guilty, for I have ever remembered you from the moment when you rendered me this immense service at the risk of your life."

Father Sandoval cordially returned the adventurer's squeeze, but he remained silent for a moment, with his eyes obsti-

nately fixed on him, as if trying to read his most secret thoughts.

"What?" the Canadian said hotly, "could you doubt me? I am only a poor devil of an adventurer, it is true, but I consider myself a man. We wood-rangers, if we are rather quick at the use of the knife and in shooting an enemy, know better than town folk, perhaps, how to retain the recollection of an act of kindness. Speak, father, speak without fear. Whatever you bid me, I will do. I belong to you, body and soul. I repeat that I am entirely yours, and do not feel afraid about explaining yourself frankly, for I shall catch your meaning at a word."

"Indeed!" the priest at length answered. "Why should I doubt you? You have given me no cause to suspect your loyalty. Moreover, what I wish to ask of you, Don Oliver, is only conditional. I merely desire to make sure of your assistance in case of need, that is all."

"Speak, speak, have I not told you that you can count on me?"

"Well, so be it. This is what I expect of you. You are going to start in the morning."

The mission I have entrusted to you is a dangerous one, though I have strong reasons for believing that you will get out of it safe and sound; but that is not the point at the present moment. You are about to start, I repeat, no one knows how long you may remain absent. For my part, I shall probably be obliged to push forward. Give me your word that, on whatever day or hour I need you, whatever you may be doing, when you receive a message from me summoning you, give me your word to abandon everything instantly, and run to my help, to aid me to the utmost of your power in the accomplishment of what I have resolved on, and without asking me for an explanation, however grave or terrible the matter in which I ask your support may be. Do you promise me this? Do not answer hastily; reflect before pledging your word, for the engagement you are going to make is serious, and may entail consequences which it is impossible to foresee."

The Canadian listened to these words with visible impatience. When Father Sanborn ended, he shrugged his shoulders carelessly.

"Why so much beating about the bush?" he said. "I am yours. You ask for my word, and I give it. Now, may heaven grant me the opportunity of fulfilling my pledge."

"Thanks!" I trust, I repeat, that I may not be constrained to have recourse to you. Still, we are bound to take our precautions. In case of my being forced to send a messenger to you, take half this ring. The apparently most faithful man may, at a given moment, become a traitor; and I have learned the truth of that by sad experience. You will only follow the man who hands you the other half of this ring, and says, 'The hour is come; the master waits.' You will ask this man no questions, for he will be unable to answer you, as he will know nothing. Have you thoroughly understood me? Is this arranged?"

"All right, I understand you," the Canadian replied, as he carefully stored away the half ring the priest gave him. "Have you any further recommendations to give me?"

"No. We must part now. Follow me." They rose and left the room. After some time the Canadian found himself again at the spot where Monahan was lying. Father Sanborn gave the adventurer a parting sign to be discreet, and went away.

"Hm!" the Canadian said, as he examined the key. "I have not much time to lose, if I want a little rest before starting." After this reflection, he lay down again by the side of his comrade, who still slept, and almost directly fell himself into deep slumber.

Elopements in Paris.

It will doubtless be interesting to some of our readers to learn how they do elopements in Paris. They are not rare, but they are rarely so prolonged as to attract notice. A few hours on the railway bring the guilty pair to their senses. A slightly writer says this conversation frequently takes place in the outward train.

"Hortense, have you measured all the depth of the abyss in which you are about to plunge?"

"My dear Henri, that is the very question I was about to ask you. At this moment I was measuring it, and it seems bottomless to me."

The gentleman then timidly suggests— "Hortense, at the next station there is a buffet, and the train stops eight minutes. It is still time; let us hasten to reason's voice."

"Henri, you are the best of men. None but you join so much judgment and so much love. But you forget our baggage. My collar and sleeves are already rumpled."

"The telegraph will set all right; we may send twenty words for two francs. The return train goes by at 4.35. If anybody asks you where you have been, tell them you were to see the cathedral. Take care of the steps. Do you love me still, Hortense?" Do you consider my suggestions an act of prudence, dictated by the love I bear you?"

"Indeed I do, Henri! I love you more than ever. You are an angel. Have you my passport?" "Twice in the netting."

The railways return. The world supports nothing wrong.

The Virtues of Borax.

The washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get up their laces so beautifully white, use refined borax as washing powder, instead of soda, in the proportion of a large handful of borax powder to about ten gallons of boiling water; they save in soap nearly half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For laces, cambrics, &c., an extra quantity of the powder is used, and for crinolines requiring to be made stiff a strong solution is necessary. Borax being a neutral salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen; its effect is to soften the hardest water, and therefore it should be kept on the toilet table. To the taste it is rather sweet, is used for cleaning the hair, is an excellent dentifrice, and in hot countries is used in combination with tartaric acid and bi-carbonate of soda as a cooling beverage.

A wealthy man in St. Louis paid his taxes by a check of ten thousand dollars on a banking house. The collector did not present the check the day it was drawn, and the next day the bankers failed. The collector has sued the gentleman for his taxes, and the courts have decided that a check is not a legal tender for debt.

Chance Acquaintances;

AN ADVENTURE IN LONDON.

In February last year I came to London for the day, on business which took me into the city. Having accomplished the purpose of my visit more quickly than I expected, I was strolling leisurely along St. Paul's Churchyard, with a view of working my way into the Strand. The time of day was something after twelve at noon, and of all the busy stream of people that flowed cityward or ebbward past me, it seemed that I was the only loiterer. A man, however, walking nearly as slowly as I, seeing me smoking as he passed, at last stopped and asked for a light. I gave him a match. He fell back a little out of the stream of traffic into the shelter of a shop window corner, to light his cigar in peace. He was a short man, about six and thirty, with brown beard and whiskers, face a trifle marked with small-pox, well dressed, of gentlemanly appearance, and spoke with a strong, indeed, much too strong, American twang.

As I continued my stroll, I soon became aware that I was followed by this gentleman. The slower I walked, the slower he walked. It is not comfortable to be followed, so I pulled up to let him pass. Instead of doing so, he no sooner came up with me, than he pulled up too.

He set his head just a thought out of the perpendicular, and looking me full in the face said, "Guess this is a tall city? Rather tangled to get about in, though? Now, it ain't like Philadelphia, where our critters know what they was going at before they begun to build, and ruled all the streets straight ahead in right lines. No, sir."

"No, sir," I said curtly, and was moving on.

"No, sir," he continued, walking by my side, "and it's useless for a stranger in your city to give his mind to going any where, for he ain't likely to get there. Now if it ain't the case of a stranger asking it, because he is a stranger and he knows how to treat strangers in our country, sir, where are you going to? Happen you can put me in the way where I'm going to?"

"I am making for the Strand," I said; "if your way lies in that direction I can show it to you; if not, I can tell you how to find it."

"Just where I'm a-castin' about to get to," he returned; "my notions is at a hotel opposite Somerset House, and as soon as I get into the Strand I can fix myself right up. So I'll just trouble you to do so."

I allowed him to do so. I hinted that I had no wish to show discourtesy to a citizen of that great nation to which he belonged. My companion had plenty to say. He rattled on about the states being this and the states being that, so that it was needless for me to do any more talking than an occasional interjection of surprise or attention, each of which was acknowledged with a "Yes, sir," or a "No, sir," completely final. He told me he had only been in England for a fortnight—just taken a run over to see the old country, and should be back in New York again in a couple of months.

When we had passed through Temple Bar, I told him he could be in no further doubt as to his way, since he was now in the Strand.

"I'm considerably obliged," he said. "I'll do as much for you when you come to New York. But you ain't going to part company like that?"

I had freed my arm and held out my hand to wish him good-morning.

"You'll just do a spell?" he continued. "A what?" said I.

"But I not make myself clear to the British intellect? Reckon you'll liquor?"

No, I reckoned, I had rather be excused. "Wal," he said, chewing his cigar so that it assumed a rotary motion, and its point described a circle over his face. "Wal, sir, it's a custom we hex in our country, and we think it rather saaly manners to refuse. Reckon you Britichers do not think it saaly to slight a friend's hospitality in the street. We do."

As he persisted in regarding my refusal almost in the light of a personal insult, and would not listen to any explanation that we do not regard the declining of "drinks" in a similar light in our own country, I yielded the point.

We retraced our steps a short distance, and entered a wine-store on the city side of Temple Bar, a very respectable place, where wines are drawn from the wood. Small round marble tables and light chairs are disposed about the shop for the convenience of customers. Here my companion compounded a drink of soda water and gin and lemon and ginger, of which he wished me to partake. I declined the mixture, and took a glass of sherry. We might have sat five minutes, when a tall and important-looking personage lounged into the wine shop, and entered a wine-store on the city side of Temple Bar, a very respectable place, where wines are drawn from the wood. Small round marble tables and light chairs are disposed about the shop for the convenience of customers. Here my companion compounded a drink of soda water and gin and lemon and ginger, of which he wished me to partake. I declined the mixture, and took a glass of sherry. 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WIT AND HUMOR.

THE FILLIOPED PATIENT.

Angus McEachan was blest with a liver
That nothing could shake
Or could make
To awake
Or the ghost of a shiver,
Or quiver!

Oh, calomel could not correct it,
Horse-exercise did not affect it,
Not a feather mottled,
Though madly 'twas jolted
On horses that bolted
And jibbed and revolted,
Although you might fairly expect it.

But one day an old friend
His condition to mend
Said "The cure for your ills
Is O'Quackaway's pills,
I have uncles and cousins
Who take them by dozens—
By millions and billions
And even trillions!
At once for a box you must send!"

Angus was charmed! For a box at once
sent he,
And in for this splendid new remedy went
he!
On the box that he got
Was written, I wot,
"At bedtime take two,
If that doesn't do,
The next night take four.
If that does no more,
The next night take six.
If still in a fix,
The next night take eight.
Should the ill not abate,
The next night take ten,
And if no better then,
Take twelve! To be brief,
Till they brought you relief,
Two more every night
You must take until quite
A long row of numerals greeted your
sight;
For, of course, by addition
At last 'twas your mission
To swallow by dint of prolonged degluti-
tion
No less than 7,008,020!

Of the end of the liver of Angus McEa-
chan,
And of how many boxes of pills he has
taken,
And whether the liver has ever been
shaken,
I'll be blest if I know,
For a long time ago
I was told the whole tale by an intima-
te friend;
But I fell sound asleep ere he got to
the end,
And he'd left for Australia ere I could
awaken.

The Hunt Game of Croquet.

The editor having been so repeatedly
asked to settle disputed points at croquet
and determine whose rules were in reality
those to be adopted, has called together a
committee of the players on whom he can
most rely to frame rules for universal adop-
tion. By strict attention to the following
instructions disputes will be obviated and
universal harmony procured.

1. On attempting to strike the ball scrape
the mallet deliberately along the ground and
push the ball along with it as far as ever you
can reach. When told you are "spooning,"
make use of coarse and abusive language,
and say "that is the way you have always
played." This remark will not appear con-
clusive to the other players, but no doubt
will be found to be true.

2. When left far behind through utter in-
ability to get through the first two hoops,
seize an opportunity when no one is looking
at you or caring for you to place your ball
so conveniently near the required hoop that
to miss it will be next to an impossibility.
If you happen to be caught, blush and then
look foolish, endeavoring always to excuse
your baseness by the assertion "that you
were only just moving it back to where some
one had knocked it by accident." Every
one will be sure to believe you.

3. If you happen to be a lady—it will be
difficult to become one if you are not—and
your ball is in a convenient position to be
croqueted by an adversary, coolly hide your
ball with your petticoats and assume an in-
nocent air. A foolish player will not dream
of asking you to move, though he be con-
fident of your treachery. If you can't manage
this trick yourself, get a friend to do it for
you. The upshot will be found invariably
the same.

4. Adopt the rule of the ground whenever
it suits your stroke; and when it does not,
create a ridiculous disturbance, quoting every
insane author who has ever written on the
subject, knowing well that the looks are
not in the house.

5. Take the part of all pretty girls, elderly
and demonstrative females and bullying men,
whenever disputes arise. You will be sure
to get the best of it amongst them.

6. Never play with your own ball, and al-
ways out of your turn. It vexes consen-
suous players and creates diversion.

7. If you happen to be asked to a croquet
party, bring your own mallet with you. You
will thus avoid being called ridiculous, and
smothered as conceded.

8. When playing a large game, and your
turn is approaching, run deliberately away
into the house or the shrubbery, or the
kitchen garden, or anywhere in fact where
you will be sure to keep the large game
waiting. Come back and say "You are so
sorry," and then watch the faces of your
companions.

9. Whenever an opportunity occurs, leave
the balls and the mallets on the lawn all
night—particularly if the grass be dewy. It
improves both considerably.

10. Let all the dogs in the establishment
gnaw the croquet balls, and play cricket in-
variably with the mallets; both will be bet-
ter for the operation.

11. Always affect ignorance as to the man-
ner of going through the centre twisted hoop.
You will naturally be thought a fool.

12. Pertinaciously give advice before every
stroke is made, and make yourself generally
objectionable.

13. A Boston baker has invented a new
kind of yeast. It makes bread so light that
a pound of it only weighs ten ounces.

14. It is said that the Siamese twins
keep away from Chicago because they don't
want to be separated.



"DISTANCE LENDS NO ENCHANTMENT TO THE VIEW."

Edwin arranges to meet his Angelina at the pier-head. He arrives at the south end,
she at the north. It is three miles round to her!

Johnny Shrimp's Composition on
Going to School.

School has begun again. I go to Thirteenth
Street school every day. It is a good school.
They won't let you play there. I don't
whisper more than forty times a day. The
teacher says I am a very good boy. I think
so too. To be good is not to be found out.
Peter Snuffins was a good boy, because he
could whisper without moving his mouth. I
used to call him Muffins. He has left school
and works in a butcher shop. He's going to
take me to the slaughter house some day.

I learn a good many things at school. Be-
fore I went to school I didn't know half as
many tricks as I do now. I have learned
how to fight. Bill Stubbs said I was a gump.
I said he was another. Bill gave me a hit.
He called it a "swat." I give him two. He
tried to knock me down, and I did tumble.
Just then a cop came along. If it hadn't
been for that cop I'd have licked Bill. The
boys said Bill licked me. But it wasn't so;
I slipped down on an orange peel. Besides
that, I didn't want to hurt Bill. I like to
fight boys that I can lick. Boys that can
lick me I don't get into musses with. I ain't
afraid of Bill Stubbs.

I learned some grammar at school, and
joggerfree. But I learned to play marbles a
good deal quicker. Pa says boys ought to
learn only what they've got a taste for. I've
learned a good deal of 'em.

Ma says that we boys are worked too hard
at school. She says her children shan't
study when they have headaches. She gave
me an excuse when I have a headache. I
often have a headache, when the lessons are
hard.

I am in class 9 section Q. In a few months
I go to college. We used to call it the Free
Academy. I want to go to college because
the boys there carry canes and have fun,
and don't speak to little boys, and can go in
torchlight processions.

I've been to a good many schools. Some
way I change schools very often. The
teachers think a change is good for me. Ma
says the New York schools are very poor,
and boys don't learn much in them. I think
so too. If I didn't have headaches so often
I might learn more. But I know a good
deal after all. I want to go to a store. Pa
says I shall. Ma says I shan't. Ma calls
me her precious darling, and says I must
have an education. I'd rather have a row-
boat. I'm sure if I had a row boat and went
out every day to Hoboken, I wouldn't have
headaches so much. I tell ma that schools
are very bad for the head. Now I must
stop. I want to ask ma for an excuse. We
have a long lesson in compound multiplica-
tion to-morrow, and my head begins to feel
quite bad. I am,

JOHN GEORGE WASHINGTON SHRIMP.

A Western Sermon.

The following unique discourse was de-
livered to a congregation of Saints, at Salt
Lake, by a novice, who had labored in one
of our new territories.

Brothers and Sisters, I have a very prac-
tical but searching discourse to bring be-
fore you this morning; and one which is of
great personal importance to all. I therefore
most earnestly desire you to pay the strictest
attention to my words.

My text is, "Why stand ye here all the day
idle?"

Perhaps some have not heard me, and I
will repeat again. "Why stand ye here all
the day idle?"

For the benefit of that man, who has just
come in, I will repeat again, for the last
time. "Why stand ye here all the day
idle?"

Why? Why, why? Why not if? Why
not if? Why not if? Why not because?

Why stand? Why stand? Why not sit?
Why not lie? Why not kneel? Why not
stoop?

Why stand ye? Why ye? Why not me?
Why not she? Why not it? Why not that
dog? Why not that woman sitting in the
corner?

Why stand ye here. Why here? Why
not there? Why not down cellar? Why
not up garret? Why not in that church
yonder?

[Here he pauses and says: "I don't know
how you feel, brothers and sisters, but I do
wish some one would open a window."]

Why stand ye here all? Why all? Why
not part? Why not a half-dozen? Why not
one?

A young woman has just entered the gal-
lery, and for her especial benefit I will re-
peat my text, in order that she may fully un-
derstand what we are discussing.

"Why stand ye here all the day idle?"

Why stand ye here all the day? Why the
day? Why not the night? Why not the
morning? Why not the evening?

Lastly and finally.

Why stand ye here all the day idle. Why
idle? Why not at work? Why not sowing?
Why not reaping? Why not spinning? Why
not weaving? Why not washing? Why not
ironing? Why not scrubbing? Why not dig-
ging?

My Brothers and Sisters, I have exerted
myself to a great extent in order that you

might leave the house of worship fully im-
pressed with the sense of duty imposed upon
you, and hoping that I have not wearied
you, and I am very sure I have not, I bid
you good-morning.

Putting it Mildly.

Booth was lately travelling in the car;
the passengers hearing that he was aboard,
naturally evinced that curiosity prevalent
with most, to see the celebrated actor. It
was whispered that he was in the car.
Among the passengers was a genuine Con-
necticuter, who occupied a seat some four
or five benches in the rear of the great
object. By slipping from one seat to another,
he very soon occupied the one immediately
"aft" of Booth. His anxiety was great;
reaching over and touching Edwin on the
shoulder, said:

"Ah! eh! excuse me, sir; but is your
name Beuth?"

In his well modulated voice Booth replied,
"Yes, sir, my name is Booth."

"Ah! eh! ah! eh! excuse me, sir! but is
your name Edwin Beuth?"

"Yes, sir; my name is Edwin Booth."

"Really, ah! eh! sir, but you must
really excuse me, sir; but ah! eh! sir, are
you—are you brother to the gentleman who
had the little difficulty with Mr. Lincoln at
the theatre?"

Tricks of Mice.

A mouse was once caught in a jeweller's
shop, which had a gold ring on its neck.
The poor creature had evidently suffered
from its finery, for the neck was much
swollen on each side of it. The gentleman
recognized the ring as one of a pair that had
disappeared mysteriously some time before.
A servant had been suspected of the theft,
but very unjustly, as it now appeared. Pro-
bably the mother mouse, when out foraging,
had taken the ring to her nest. A middle-
sized young baby of hers had poked his head
through it, and then had been unable to get
it out again. The ring did not grow with
his growth, and so proved a literal "choke-
r" of a most uncomfortable sort. What Mrs.
Mouse did with her other ring was never
discovered. Some search was made for her
nest, but without success.

Pot crows have a great fancy for shining
things, but it is something unusual for mice
to make off with such objects. The little
creatures have a peculiar habit of hiding
away their supplies, in some convenient
nook, intending to call for them when they
get ready. Some corn was laid about the
stove one night to dry, and the next morn-
ing, when the fire was made, all the holes on
the covers of the stove began to smoke. On
examination, they were found to be filled
with corn, which had been left there for
safe-keeping till they could be carried off to
the nest. A lady's shoe also had a good
many grains in it, much to its owner's sur-
prise. The experiment was tried on several
evenings, and the shoe was always found to
contain the most corn, as it was probably
thought to be the best hiding-place.

But, alas! the best-laid schemes of mice
and men are often all in vain. A good old
mouse-hole in the kitchen over night put a
stop to all such thieving tricks. It is the best
mouse-trap ever invented, and destroys more
of these small thieves than we ever suspect.
If all the cats were killed off in any town, it
would soon become a very undesirable place
to live in.

Flowers.

Flowers teach us the tenderness of God's
character. If He had made nothing of this
kind, if His works had been for bare utility,
and had consisted of coarse and more sub-
stantial creations only, the tender side of
the divine character would have failed of
the revelation it now has in nature. You
cannot come across a delicate, trembling
flower in the shade of a wood, so small that
your heel could crush out its life with one
careless step, but that you will think how
gentle God must be, who made this flower
in its exquisite beauty to live there, and
daily cares for it in the regular course of
His providence.

Following the same idea, the sleep of the
flowers touches our sympathies. Many of
them at night will fold their petals closely
together, and like the darlings of a kind
mother, repose trustfully in the care of their
Creator. And during the long, dark night,
they gather the dews which distill in the
quiet air, and when day comes, the first
beams of the morning fall on millions of glit-
tering drops, and flash back from leaf and
bud, and petal, and grassy blade in such
brilliance that the whole waving and nod-
ding field of blooming beauty seems dressed
in gems more resplendent than any dream
of oriental magnificence. So it may be with
us in the night of this somewhat sombre
life, we draw to ourselves the dews of
heavenly grace. We may hope that when
eternity fully dawns, the morning light of
our Father's love will glance upon these
jewels which we have gathered near the
cross, and so light them up as to cover us
with glory.—The Pacific.

A Good Sale.

Several years ago, there resided in Saratoga
county a lawyer of considerable ability
and reputation, but of no great culture,
who had an uncommon fine taste in paintings
and engravings—the only evidence of refine-
ment he ever exhibited. A clergyman of the
village in which he lived, knowing his
fondness for such things, introduced to him
an agent of a publishing house in the city
who was issuing a Pictorial Bible in num-
bers. The specimen of the style of work
exhibited to the lawyer was a very beautiful
one, and he readily put down his name for
a copy. But in the progress of the publi-
cation the character of the engravings rapidly
deteriorated, much to the disgust of the en-
lightened but critical subscriber. A picture
of Joseph, very indifferently done, provoked
him beyond endurance, and seizing several
of the numbers, he sallied forth to reproach
the parson for leading him into such a
bad bargain. "Look at these wretched
scratches," said he, turning the pages over,
"and see how I have been imposed upon!
Here is a portrait of Joseph, whom his
brethren sold to the Egyptians for twenty
pieces of silver; and let me tell you, parson,
if Joseph looked like that, it was a mighty
good sale!"

AGRICULTURAL.

Bots in Horses.

I see in the last number of the Home-
stead, an article copied from the corre-
spondence of the New England Farmer,
taking the ground that the bots in horses
are very injurious to the horse, causing
death. But the writer is entirely mistaken
in his conclusions on the subject.

From many investigations into the sub-
ject, and from the testimony of Youatt,
Spencer, Stewart, Dadd, and others, I am
perfectly satisfied that the bots never turn
upon the stomach until it is so diseased that
death is certain.

The stomach of the horse is the chosen
home of the bots, and why should they try
to make a way out of it, until the ap-
pointed time? He does not feed upon the
stomach, but upon the chyme, and only
turns upon the stomach to escape death.
Nine out of ten of the horses whose stomachs
we have examined, have contained bots.
Some of those horses had been killed by ac-
cident, while in perfect health. We have
found the bots eating through the stomachs
of those horses, within three or four hours
after death, although they were perfectly
well, till the moment of death. The evi-
dence to me is conclusive, that they in no
way injured the stomach until death.

A valuable essay, by Geo. H. Dadd, V. S.,
on this subject, has recently appeared in the
American Farmer, and as both he and Dr.
Stewart are authority in this country, their
evidence is entitled to great weight.

I wish it might put an end to the present
system of "doctoring (killing?) horses for
the bots." There are hundreds of valuable
horses killed by the awful dragging they get
to kill the bots, which can't be killed by
anything you can put in his stomach.

Mayhew records an instance, in which a
portion of the stomach, covered with bots,
was corked up in spirits of wine for two
years, without killing them. Bracy Clark,
an English veterinarian, to whom Mayhew
says "the public owe all their knowledge of
the bot fly," claims that "the bot is harm-
less if not beneficial."—C. W. D., Philadel-
phia, in the Homestead.

Items.

—The author of "Ten Acres Enough" has
bought, it is said, more land himself; thus
proving, practically, that his theory is im-
practicable.

—APPLES.—In many parts of New Eng-
land the apple crop is more abundant than
it has been in any year for some time, but
as it is quite short in many sections of the
country, the fruit will be wanted at good
prices. In New Jersey, Maryland and Penn-
sylvania, apples as well as peaches have
been a complete failure.

—It is estimated that the rain fall in the
northern states is forty inches, the southern
states fifty, Minnesota, western California
and Colorado thirty, Nebraska and Utah
twenty, Kansas and Western Arizona fifteen
inches. This is a general average for a
series of years.

—Dr. F. C. Brunck writes from the grape
regions of the Rhine to the Buffalo Courier,
that choice vineyard lands are held there as
high as \$4,000 in gold per 116 square
perches—about \$1,400 per acre—and in
common situations \$280, or nearly \$100 per
acre.

—A correspondent of the Rural New
Yorker says no grape should be counted as
even approaching perfect ripeness when the
stem does not exhibit a darkened and
shriveled, blackened character at least three-
fourths of an inch from its connection with
the branch on which it grew.

—KEEPING VEGETABLES.—Sink a barrel
two-thirds of its depth into the ground (a
box or a cask will do better); heap the
earth around the part projecting out of the
ground, with a slope on all sides; place the
vegetables that you desire to keep in the
vessel; cover the top with a water-tight
cover, and when winter sets in throw an
armful of straw, hay, or something of that
sort, on the barrel. If the bottom is out of
the cask or barrel, it will be better. Cab-
bages, celery and other vegetables will keep
in this way as fresh as when taken from the
ground. The celery should stand nearly
perpendicular, celery and earth alternating.
Freedom from frost, ease of access, and es-
pecially freshness and freedom from rot, are
the advantages claimed.—Journal of Horti-
culture.

RECEIPTS.

RABBIT AND OYSTER PIE.—Cut up a nice
fat rabbit, well season it with white pepper,
grated lemon peel, and finely-shred parsley.
Take three dozen fresh oysters, beard them,
but save their liquor; add them to your
rabbit. Put a crust round the edge of your
dish, fill in your rabbit and oysters, with
also a few slices of fresh butter; cover with
a good crust, and bake for little better than
an hour.

RABBIT DUMPLINGS.—Bone a rabbit, cut
the meat into shapely morsels, rub them with
lemon juice, white pepper, chopped herbs,
and a shred shallot. Wrap each piece of
meat in a good pudding crust, carefully
fastening them so as the juice may not
escape. Boil them slowly for an hour, and
make a sauce with the bones and small por-
tions of meat. Add the juice of the lemon,
and serve.

THE RIBBLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 1, 6, 8, 4, 5, 6, 7, is the name of a cele-
brated mineral spring.
My 2, 3, 4, is what few people possess.
My 4, 7, 3, 6, 1, 4, is a city in Turkey.
My 6, 9, 7, 8, is a title of nobility.
My 8, 3, 5, 5, 3, 6, is a lady's name.
My 9, 4, 8, 9, 10, 4, 9, is a city in Georgia.
My 3, 10, 11, 3, 9, is a country in Asia.
My whole is a country in Europe.
A. L. ROCKY.

Charade.

My first is in frantic, but not in mad;
My second is in clouded, but not in sad;
My third is in terror, but not in scare;
My fourth is in fowler but not in snare;
My fifth is in wedded, but not in pair.
My whole o'er a smiling Southern state,
In wild destruction has swept of late—
There brightness lies wreck'd 'neath a pall
of gloom,
And ruin is stamp'd on many a home.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Transposition.

I am composed of 5 letters, and by trans-
posing contain the following:
Evil—an article of furniture—a child's
toy—a boy's great desire—an animal—five
verbs—two colors—four nicknames—an ar-
ticle used by shoemakers—part of an arrow,
an epoch—beloved—part of the head and
extinct.
My whole is a necessary of life.
W. H. MORROW.
Irvin Station, Pa.

Query.

Do Prime numbers cease to exist? If
they do, at what point.
W. T. STONEBRAKER.
West Milton, Miami Co., O.
[?] An answer is requested.

Algebraical Problem.

At an election where each voter may give
two votes to different candidates, but only
one to same. A received 200 votes, B received
180, and C 100. Now 50 voted for A only,
60 for B only, and 36 for C only. How
many voted for A and B jointly; how many
for A and C, and how many for B and C?
ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.
[?] An answer is requested.

Problem.

A has 10 acres of pasture, B 8 acres, and
C 3 acres—into which they agree to put an
equal number of cattle to graze; and C
agrees to pay A and B \$24. How much
should each receive on final settlement?
W. H. MORROW.
Irvin Station, Pa.
[?] An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

Why are eyes like persons separated
in distant climes? Ans.—Because they cor-
respond, but never meet.
What is everybody doing at the same
time? Ans.—Growing older.
When is silence likely to get wet?
Ans.—When it rains.
When is a bow not a bow? Ans.—
When it's a bow-knot.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—
"For age and want, save while you may.
No morning sun lasts a whole day."

RAISED PIE.—Make a raised crust as for
a pork pie; take a fine young rabbit, dis-
joint it, and cut the meat from the bones;
season it highly; add to it half-a-pound of
fat bacon, the yolks of four hard-boiled
eggs cut into slices, and sufficient tomato
sauce to make it of an agreeable color.
Pack the meat pretty tightly, and bake in
a very gentle oven for an hour and a half.
This is usually eaten cold; but a red vent
may be made with paste baked round a but-
tered mould, and when done, removed from
the mould, and filled with a rich ragout of
rabbit, which is eaten hot.

MACARONI.—Put half a tablespoonful of
butter, and the same of flour, in a pan, and
mix on the fire. Then a little more than
half a pint of milk, and stir. Add salt.
This is the sauce. The macaroni has been
boiled in a pan, with a little butter and salt,
drained in a cullender, and the sauce is
poured over it on a dish.

JUMBLES.—One pound of flour, the same
of sugar, and an equal quantity of butter.
Mix these ingredients with three well-beaten
eggs, a wineglassful of rose-water, and some
essence of lemon. Roll into thin sheets,
and cut in rings, and dip in loaf-sugar before
baking.

APTES.—One pound of flour and a half
pound of butter rubbed together, with
half a pound of sugar and a few caraway
seeds, and milk sufficient to make a stiff
dough. Cut into cakes a third of an inch
thick, and bake in buttered pans, in a quick
oven, till of a pale brown.

BLACK-BOARD PAINT.—Invented by Wm.
H. Wills, Esq., Supt. Public Instruction, Chi-
cago.—To make one gallon of paint, take
ten ounces pulverized pumice-stone, six
ounces pulverized rotten-stone, three quar-
ances pulverized lamp-black, and mix them
with alcohol enough to make a thick paste.
Grind the mixture very thoroughly in a
paint-mill; then dissolve about fourteen
ounces of shellac in the remainder of the
gallon of alcohol. Now stir the whole to-
gether, and the paint is ready for use.

The shellac prevents the paint from rub-
bing off. If the shellac is of poor quality, it
will require a little more.

When using, stir often to prevent the
pumice-stone from settling.

In putting on a second coat, be careful
not to rub off the first.

One gallon will furnish two coats for sixty
or seventy square yards of black-board, on
walls not previously painted.

The surface of a plaster wall that is to be
painted for the first time, may be somewhat
improved by first putting a coat of strong
glue-sizing, prepared by boiling one pound
of glue in a gallon of rain water. Stir in
three or four ounces of lamp-black. Put
on hot.

We have for years used black-boards pre-
pared from the above recipe, and can re-
commend it in the highest terms.